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THE GRAPHIC.

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THE GRAPHIC

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DRAWN BY F. DE HAESSEN

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. KASKELINE

In both France and Germany the motor-car has this year formed a feature of the Army Manœuvres. In the operations of the 2nd German Army Corps, between Berlin and Stettin, a motor-car carrying staff officers along at a high rate of speed by day or night has become a familiar sight

THE MOTOR-CAR IN WARFARE: OFFICERS AT THE GERMAN ARMY MANŒUVRES

Topics of the Week

The Government's Record

IN the heat of a General Election many rash and foolish things are said, but it is doubtful whether anything less justifiable will appear in the polemics of the present election than Lord Rosebery's sweeping statement that the present Government "is the weakest that I can recollect." Every Government has, of course, its faults, and the strongest apologists for Lord Salisbury's third Administration would not deny that it has occasionally proved its humanity by falling into error; but "a whispering humbleness" is certainly not to be reckoned among its failings. The Government which has obliterated the stains of the desertion of Gordon and the humiliation of Majuba from the British scutcheon may, perhaps, be described by weak persons as bellicose, but can hardly be reproached with weakness itself. The accusation comes, indeed, with a very bad grace from Lord Rosebery, whose handling of the Siamese and Congo Questions will be remembered as among the most conspicuous examples of weakness afforded by a British Government. Although the chief issue before the electorate at the present moment is the settlement in South Africa, no Conservative need shrink from a wider examination of the record of the Government, especially in Imperial affairs. Indeed, such an examination can scarcely be, in fairness, discouraged, for if in its general foreign and Colonial policy the Government can be convicted of weakness, there would be good reason for hesitation on the part of the country in confiding to it so momentous a task as the reconstruction of our South African Empire. But what are the facts? During the last six years more has been done to extend the influence of Great Britain abroad than in any similar period of our history. Of territorial acquisitions we need not speak, although they have been considerable, but in the assertion of the rights of this country, in the maintenance of its great historic traditions and in the protection of its commercial interests Lord Salisbury has done exceedingly well. Of the firmness with which our rights have been maintained Fashoda was a signal illustration. The rescue of Crete from the barbarous domination of the Turks added a bright page to the humanitarian annals of this country. As for our commercial interests, the best examples of the statesmanlike discrimination with which they have been cared for are afforded by the Anglo-French Treaty relating to Siam and by the whole management of the Chinese Question, which has resulted in securing the integrity of Central and Southern China—the only regions of commercial value—and in acquiring for British subjects concessions on a much larger scale than those obtained by other countries. Perhaps the most noteworthy feature in the history of the last five years is, however, the evidence that has been so abundantly afforded of the closer union of the Colonies with the Mother Country. The Diamond Jubilee, no doubt, had much to do with this centripetal manifestation, but it is due to Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain to point out that by their sympathetic treatment of Colonial questions, and by their elevated conception of the Imperial idea, they helped to turn what might have been an ephemeral outburst of loyal enthusiasm into a great and enduring political force. It is on this ground chiefly that the Government may well claim a mandate from the country to deal with the great problem of South African reconstruction.

"A Strong Majority"

LORD SALISBURY not only impresses upon his followers the supreme importance of giving the present Government "a strong majority," but "A Strong Majority" points out the surest method of accomplishment. As we said last week, over-confidence is the chief rock ahead of the Unionist party. The indolent, the indifferent, and the weak-kneed frequently make it an excuse for not voting that overwhelming victory was certain without their aid. There are others who have particular fads to which the Government has not been, they consider, sufficiently sympathetic. If they believed for a moment that a few hundred votes might convert the Ins into the Outs they would poll to a man. But assuming something in the nature of a walk-over, they believe they may safely display what they are pleased to call "independence." It is Quashie whacking his hard-wood idol with a light bamboo; he does not mean to harm the image, but merely wishes to warn it to be

of better behaviour for the future. To the lazy as to these crotcheteers the Premier gives the word "no abstentions." That should be the Unionist *mot d'ordre* until the last vote is recorded; it contains more of electioneering wisdom than a whole legion of lengthy speeches and addresses would afford. If the Prime Minister's advice is followed, there can be little question about the issue of the General Election; a strong Government will be succeeded by one equally strong to continue and complete the patriotic and Imperial work begun by its predecessor. But should lukewarmness prevail to any material extent among Unionists, the enemies of the country will assuredly imagine that the consequent weakening of the Parliamentary majority indicates the beginning of a popular revolt against Unionist rule.

LORD ROSEBERY's letter to Captain Lambton has been praised for its "extraordinary cleverness" as an electioneering manifesto. It is a smart "The Social Legislation" performance, no doubt, but, after all, the Leader Red Herring of the Radical Imperialists merely resorts to the stale device of dinging a red herring across the scent. Being unable and, we trust, unwilling seriously to attack the Government in connection with Imperial politics, he trots out our old familiar friends, temperance reform, housing of the working classes, War Office reorganisation, and roundly declares that the Unionist Party is incompetent to deal with these questions. It would be interesting to learn the grounds on which this sweeping judgment rests. If the career of the present Government be impartially placed under the microscope, there will not be wanting abundant proof of many great achievements in social legislation. Free Education may be mentioned for one; Lord Rosebery will scarcely claim that anything done by his own Government previous to 1895 compared with the benefits conferred on the masses by this educational revolution.

Mr. Goschen's Retirement

AFTER nearly forty years' faithful service to his country, Mr. Goschen finds it necessary to retire from the assembly of which he has so long been one of the most distinguished personalities. That he will carry with him the good wishes of all parties in the House of Commons goes without the saying. A hard hitter in debate, he never struck below the belt, while the conversion of Consols into "Goschens," followed by his brilliant success at the Admiralty, set seal on his reputation for exceptional financial and administrative ability. There was a brief time after his becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer when the Separatists were almost as bitter against him as they now are against Mr. Chamberlain. They had reason, too, for this animosity; by entering the Cabinet to fill the vacancy created by Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation Mr. Goschen made a beginning of welding together the Conservatives and the Liberal-Unionists as associates in leadership. His example was not followed by other magnates of his Party for some years, but there is no sort of question that it had large influence in abating the jealousies inseparable from coalition. If for nothing else than that Mr. Goschen would deserve the lasting gratitude of the composite Party whose complete fusion he so largely helped to produce, with most beneficial results to the whole Empire.

Elections at Home and Abroad

THREE great nations stand simultaneously on the threshold of electoral conflicts of world-wide interest and consequences. Here in the United Kingdom the issue is whether our Imperial affairs shall continue to be conducted by the same statesmen who have discharged that duty for the last five years, or whether the electors will prefer the risk of "swapping horses in mid-stream." In the United States, the situation is, to some extent, very similar. Although Mr. McKinley, in his fear of alienating Republican votes, now coyly turns away from "expansionism," there is no getting away from the fact that since he came into office the great Republic has acquired large territories far away from the American Continent. Ever since the annexation of the Philippines, too, the Washington Government has associated itself with the European Powers in applying armed coercion to China. Mr. McKinley has thus become the champion of American Imperialism *malgré lui*, and it is precisely on that issue that his antagonist, Mr. Bryan, throws down the gauntlet. But it is when Austria comes under the lens that the most fateful of the three electoral battles presents itself. Nothing less than the continuance of Constitutional Government is at stake in that distracted country. Unless the electors, throwing aside their racial and religious prepossessions, join together for the creation of a strong and stable Government, the Emperor is resolved to dispense with Parliamentary help in promoting the well-being of his subjects.

A Pillar of the State

SPAIN has lost an illustrious son and the reigning dynasty its founder and most faithful supporter by the death of Marshal Martinez de Campos. The combination of ability and honesty found in his personality is all too rare in modern Spain, and he was justly regarded by friends of the Constitutional Monarchy as well as by all partisans of law and order as the strongest bulwark against revolution, whether Republican or Reactionary. Martinez de Campos

was, indeed, a Liberal in the old and best sense of the term. When thrown into prison for his hatred of the Republic he emerged from it to crush Reaction in the person of Don Carlos, and then used his prestige with the army to secure the accession of Alfonso XII. Having saved Spain from Carlism, he went to suppress a dangerous rising in Cuba, and succeeded in inducing the rebels to lay down their arms on the strength of his promises of reform. It was no fault of the Captain-General that the foolish and corrupt Government of Madrid did not keep the promises he made in its name. Had they done so they would have averted the later rising which finally lost the Pearl of the Antilles to Spain. Once again the veteran was sent to the rescue; but the sands had run out, the Cubans would trust Spanish promises no longer, and the comparatively mild policy of Martinez de Campos failed, did the sterner measures of Weyler who followed him. The Naval war with the United States gave him no military opportunity, but it was certainly due to his influence more than anything else that the dynasty weathered that storm. Spain owes him the best political system—in theory—that she has ever had. Unfortunately, she does not seem able in practice to use the advantages that system offers.

A Double Triumph

To whom ought we to give the highest credit for the undoubted success of the banquet of the two-and-twenty thousand Mayors of France in the Tuileries Gardens last Saturday? To President Loubet or to the contractors who engineered so mighty an undertaking? The truth is that the event was a double triumph. Politically, M. Loubet, the Government of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, and the Republic were the recipients of a veritable explosion of popularity which has been as gall and wormwood to their enemies. The Nationalist majority on the Municipal Council are horribly disgusted at the success of the Government banquet, which is emphasised by the fiasco which attended their own attempt to get up a similar entertainment for the express purpose of provoking a demonstration hostile to the existing order of things. M. Loubet's speech, with its simple, straightforward appeal to the instincts of peace and goodwill among all good citizens, went straight to the hearts of the assembled representatives of the nation. But the straightest road to the heart of man is through the stomach. Had there been a failure in the colossal task of serving an excellent luncheon to twenty-two thousand guests the enthusiasm would, assuredly, have been considerably less undeniable. There was no failure. By common consent it is admitted that the fare and the service alike were excellent; and the fact that they were is a striking instance of the French gift of organisation and order. Indeed, the speed with which Max Régis, the irrepressible anti-Semitic Mayor of Algiers, was ejected when he attempted to disturb the otherwise unbroken harmony of the proceedings, was a further proof of the completeness of the arrangements. Altogether the occasion was one of which everybody responsible for it may be justly proud.

"The Winter Session"

WITH the month of October the medical schools will reassemble for what is technically termed the Winter Session. That is the commencement of the academic year, and it annually witnesses the entry of hundreds of our future physicians and surgeons upon the mysteries of anatomy and physiology. Recent events, particularly the splendid self-sacrifice of our doctors, military and civil, at the seat of war, and in the battle with plague and famine in India, have called special attention to the noble science they profess and practise. The country has seen the most eminent among its surgeons voluntarily coming forward to the succour of our wounded soldiers in a manner unprecedented in the history of war. That, and the devotion of less distinguished, but not less deserving, members of the profession will remain as a subject of legitimate national pride whatever defects of organisation may be found to have hindered their beneficent work. For that reason one is specially moved, this year, to wish God speed and success to the young men who are about to embark upon the course of training for their professional career. That course, it may be well to remind the public, is no easy one. The old days of the rollicking Bob Sawyer type have passed away with the growth of medical science. The student of to-day must take his profession seriously if he is to be anything better than what is called, in hospital slang, a "Chronic." And, to do him justice, he nowadays generally does.

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By PAT BROOKLYN.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

A NEW SERIAL STORY,
By HALL CAINE,

JAN THE ICELANDER,
Will be started shortly in

THE GOLDEN PENNY.

SPORT AND THE ELECTIONS

GENERALLY speaking, an election is nearly as damaging to the interests of sport as the incidence of a great war. When Radical candidates are storming the prepared positions of Tory Tugelas, and when Unionist canvassers are trying to corner evasive Radical leaders, the sportsman's fancy has not the time lightly to turn to thoughts of football. Yet neither the candidate nor the elector is wholly neglecting sport in this election. Cyclists have been pressed into the electoral service to reconnoitre polling voters, and even to distribute copies of the candidate's proclamation. Conversely, it may be assumed that a good many cyclists are taking advantage of the casual relations existing between themselves and candidates to press upon prospective legislators the need for reform in such matters as the carriage of cycles by railway and the like. In this sense the election affords the cyclist a good chance of appealing for the consideration of his grievances—grievances by the side of which those of the sportsman whose opportunities of appealing to Parliamentary candidates are more numerous, but who at this time of year are special claims and a special opportunity. It is the footman—to whose local club at the present moment no popular candidate can refuse to contribute.

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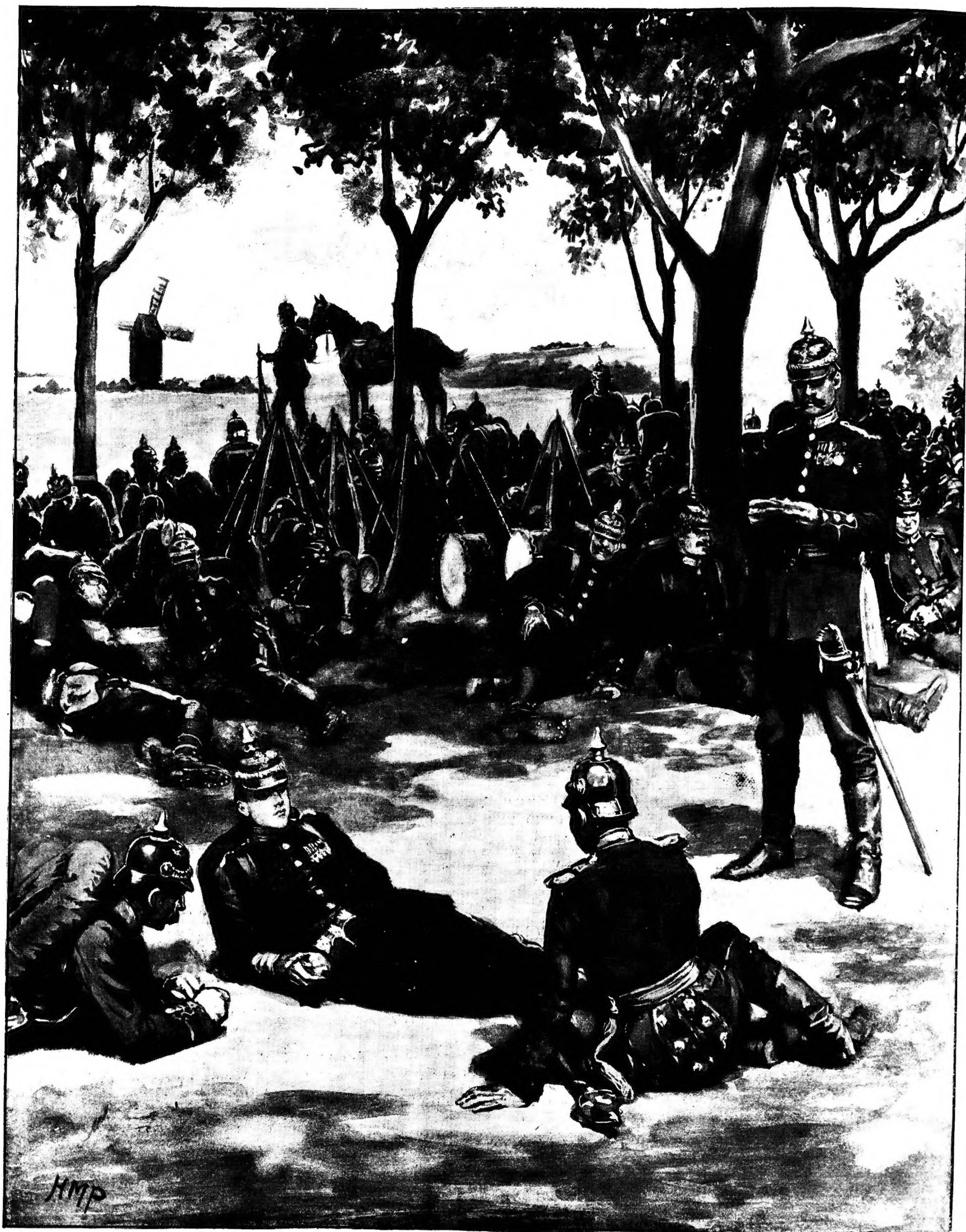
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DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

The Crown Prince

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. KASKELINE

The Crown Prince of Prussia, who has just been promoted to be a lieutenant, has been taking part with his regiment, the 1st Infantry Guards, in the manoeuvres. The Guard Corps and the 2nd Army Corps have been manoeuvring together before the Emperor in the district between Berlin and Stettin

THE GERMAN MANŒUVRES: THE CROWN PRINCE WITH HIS REGIMENT OF GUARDS



DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

A Correspondent writes: "The 11th Division are on the trek once more. This time they are going to Lydenburg via Middleburg. The other day we had an exciting experience. The

rivers on our route were swollen after a heavy rainfall, and crossings had to be made by pontoons. A fatigue party with a baggage wagon had a narrow escape. The mules driven

by a Kafir, became restive when on the pontoon bridge, and as there was only just room for the wagon the men had some difficulty in saving themselves from being pushed off."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIEUTENANT O. W. A. ELSNER, R.A.M.C.

A TIGHT FIT: ON THE ROAD TO LYDENBURG

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

THE political kaleidoscope provides a new pattern this week. The war in South Africa is no longer the dominating feature; the General Election has taken its place. The organisers of both Parties are convinced that the Unionists will be returned to power, the majority in their favour being much the same as it has been during the last five years. It is also generally believed that the forthcoming Parliament will be short lived. Events of great importance are imminent which must disturb the arrangements of the immediate future.

Whether Lord Salisbury decides to resume office or not, it is obvious that he will not continue in harness for long. Notwithstanding that the Premier is a strong man, who has led an exceptionally temperate life, the strain of office is very trying to one who has reached the age of seventy. Besides, Lord Salisbury will have attained the limit of the most ambitious dreams. If he is called upon to form another Government he will have been Prime Minister four times, whilst as a Minister for Foreign Affairs he has piloted the country through many difficult situations for close upon a quarter of a century. The time is approaching when, in the natural course of events, he will elect to retire from active politics.

When it was announced a fortnight ago that Lord Ampthill, who was private secretary to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, had been appointed Governor of Madras, it became obvious that the Disolution was imminent. The Colonial Secretary had found an office to bestow on his subordinate. Keen-nosed politicians seem to find in this a sign that Mr. Chamberlain is not destined to return to the Colonial Office when the new Government is formed.

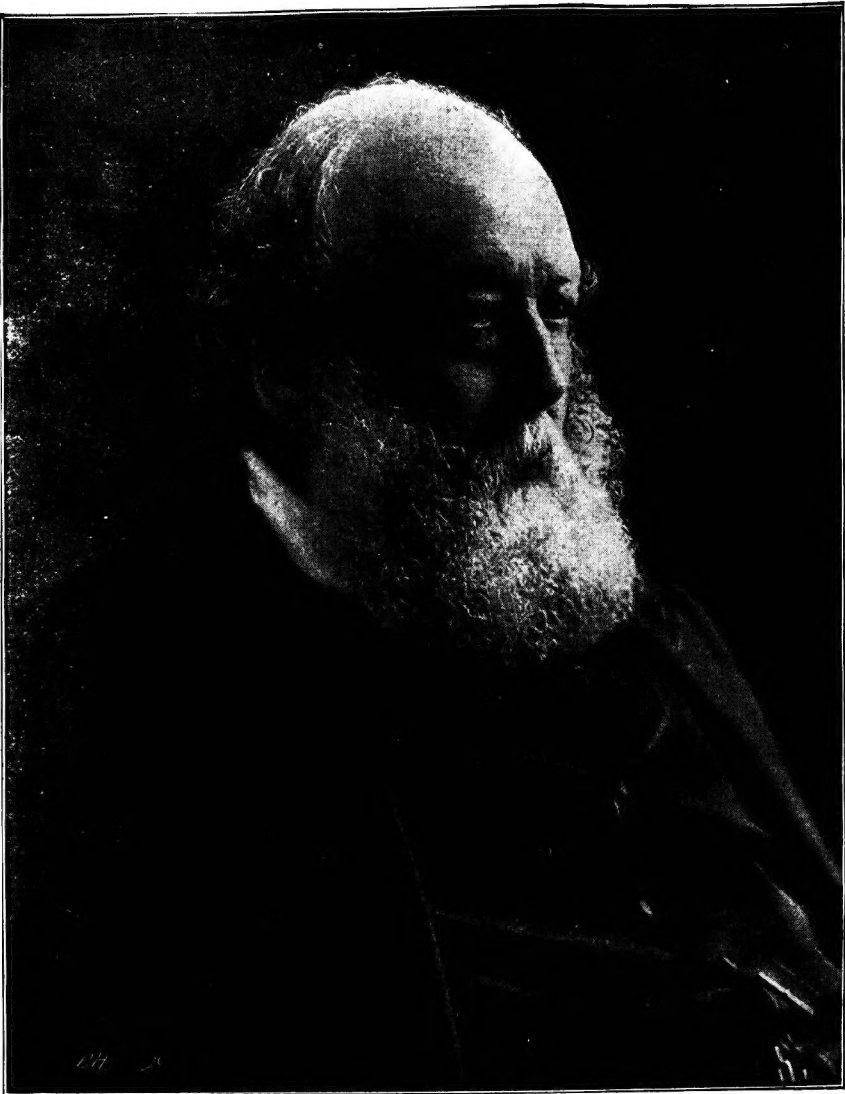
The war in South Africa is over. Lord Roberts will soon be starting for England, and, within a few weeks from now the City Imperial Volunteers, the Colonial contingents, the Yeomanry and the Militia

regiments will be hurrying home. Have the authorities decided upon a programme for their reception? They left England in a whirl of excitement, crowded with bade them farewell, and the last sounds they heard on the troopship were the dying cheers from the shore. They must not return at night and in silence.

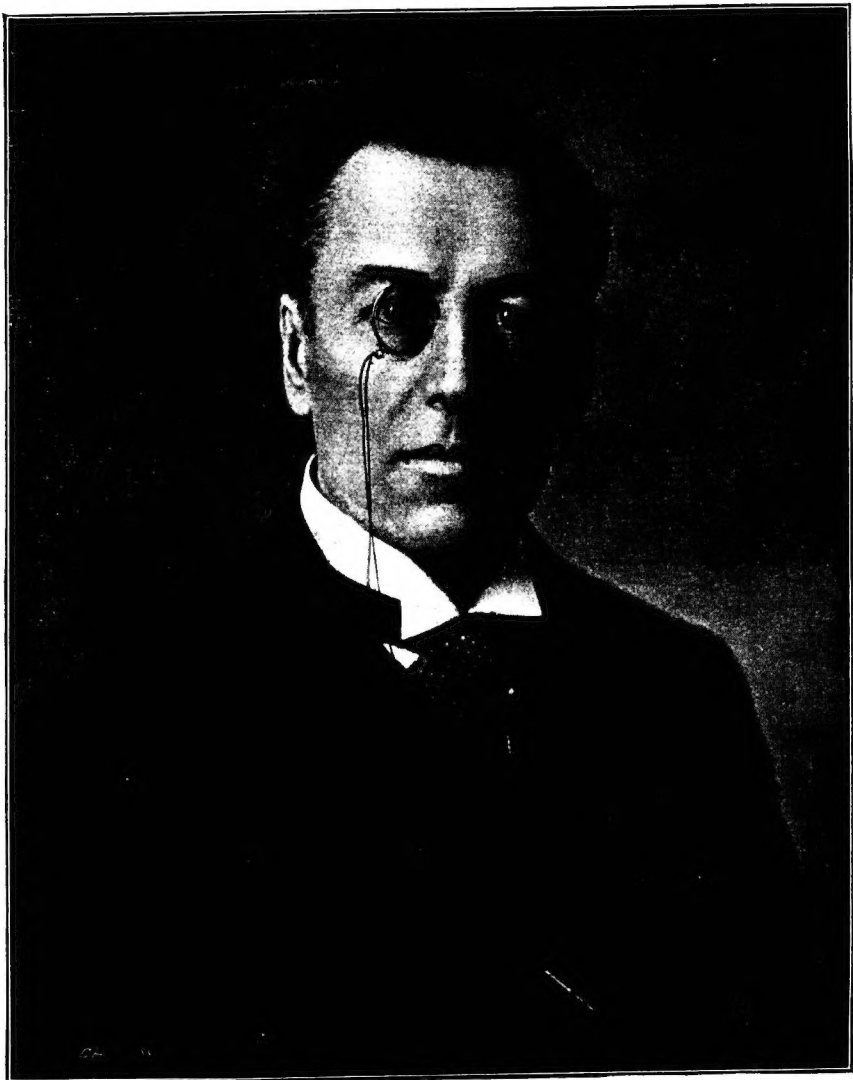
The City authorities may be depended upon to provide a suitable welcome for the City Imperial Volunteers, but the time of the return of the latter is not opportune, for one Lord Mayor is about to retire from office and another to assume the post. The situation will have to be considered and the War Office must be persuaded to arrange matters so that the City may welcome her heroes becomingly. It is probable, however, that the new Lord Mayor will be required to bear the brunt of the expenses of an expense which assuredly he will not grudge.

The return of the Irish regiments to Ireland should afford the Government an opportunity for showing the gratitude of the public to those whom the Queen has described as "my brave Irish." It is to be hoped that the new Lord-Lieutenant will prepare for them a great entertainment in order to prove to them that the official world is not backward in acknowledging the good work they have done during the campaign. As Lord Cadogan must have spent an enormous sum at the time that the Queen visited Ireland, it is not to be expected that he will be called upon to draw further on his resources now, and, therefore, the return of the Irish troops will have to be deferred until another Lord-Lieutenant is established at Dublin Castle.

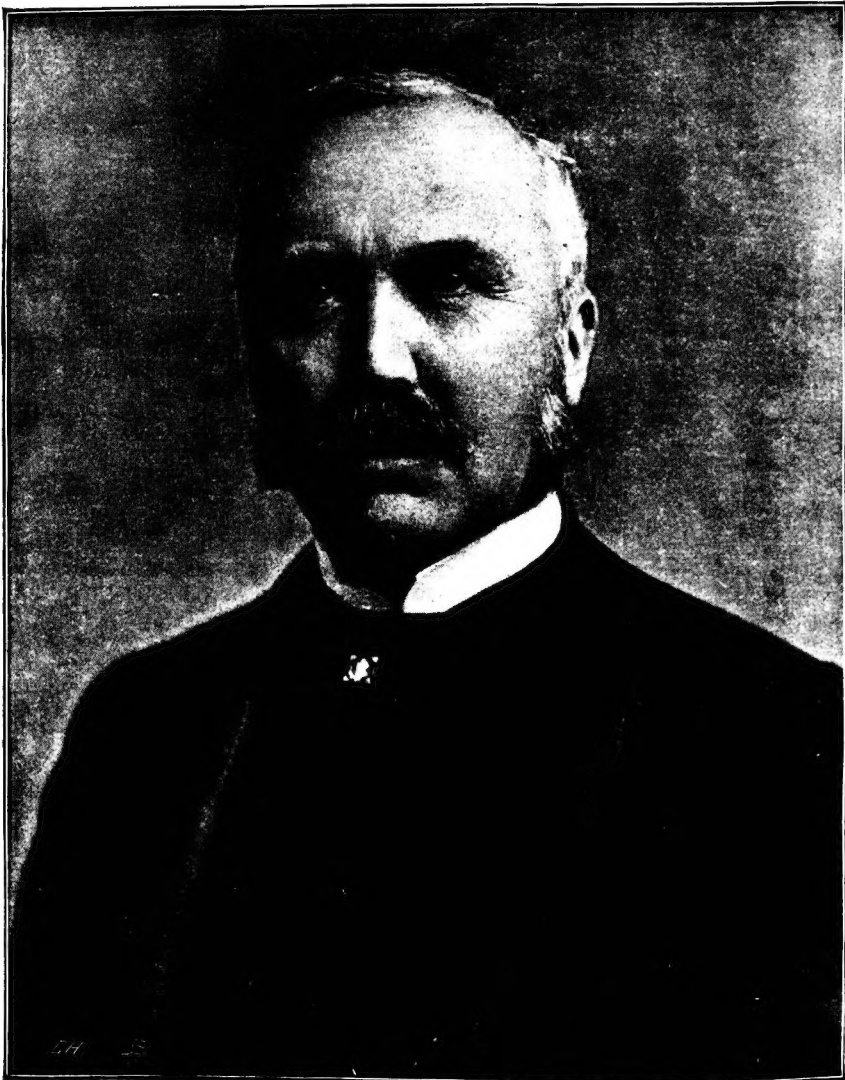
It will be curious to watch the public singling out its heroes. Lord Roberts and General Baden-Powell will inevitably be first and second. But the public has formed likes and dislikes, and certain commanding officers are not favourites at present. It is to be hoped that either the latter will not take part in the parade through London, or that the crowd will not be so ill-mannered as to express its disappointment. Such an exhibition would be especially painful, and the authorities should take precautions to prevent it.



THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY, K.G.
Prime Minister and Leader of the Unionist Party



THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN
Secretary of State for the Colonies



THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN
Leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons

THE GENERAL ELECTION, 1900

From Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street

ACCLAIMING THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH



FINAL ARRANGEMENTS

A CORNER OF THE GRAND MARQUEE

Last Saturday the centenary of the proclamation of the French Republic was celebrated by a banquet given by President Loubet to the Mayors of France. Some 23,000 guests sat down to the *déjeuner*, for which a temporary structure had been prepared in the Tuilleries Gardens. The organisation was perfect

and everything was carried out well. The line of tables was so long that the organisers and their attendants when making their arrangement travelled round in motor cars or on cycles

A GIGANTIC FEAST: THE BANQUET TO THE FRENCH PROVINCIAL MAYORS

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY H. LANOS



DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

FROM A SKETCH BY LIONEL JAMES

An infantry brigade of the Northern Army was ordered to attack the village of Neron, occupied by a brigade of General Lucas's command from the Southern Army. The infantry marched into the plain in columns of fours, deployed into company front, and then advanced at a sharp pace, firing volleys at intervals without lying down. When they were within four hundred yards, bayonets were fixed, and to

the strains of drums and bugles the whole brigade advanced to the assault. It was a splendid spectacle, but the movement would not have been possible in the face of modern arms. The French attack seems to be still modelled on that which built Napoleon's Empire.

THE BATTLE OF NERON: AN INFANTRY ATTACK



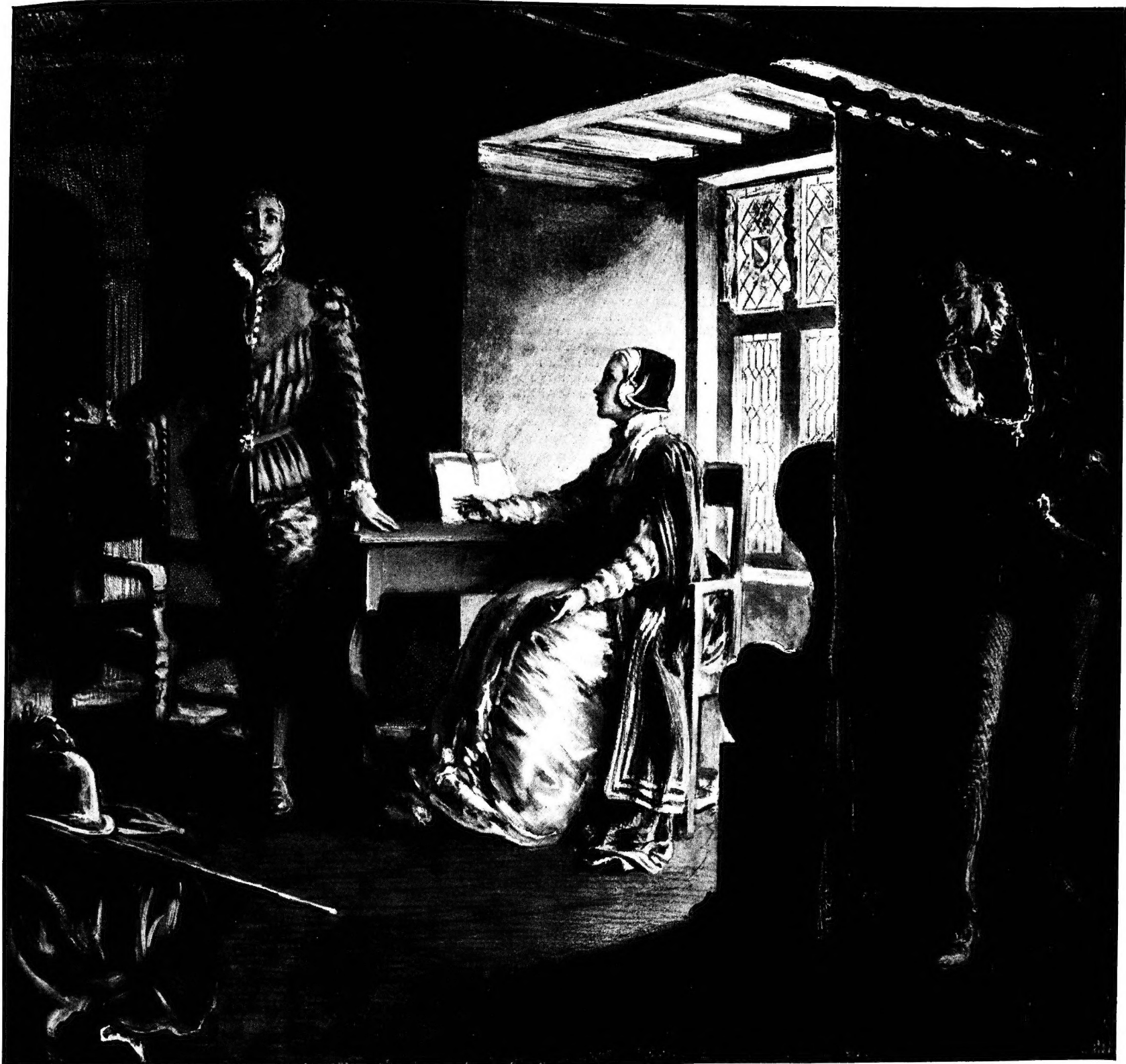
DRAWN BY FRANK DADD

FROM A SKETCH BY LIONEL JAMES

A Correspondent, who has been witnessing the French Army Manœuvres in the Eure and Loire Department, writes "That a battery of artillery serving with the 19th Division was equipped with the new 9-in. 75-mm. quick-firing gun. Each gun, besides its limber, has an ammunition waggon. When in column of route the ammunition waggon and the gun move abreast, if possible; if that is not practicable the waggon precedes the gun. The draft for a waggon is a team of four, for a gun a team

of six. Each battery is accompanied by a reserve ammunition column of three waggons. When the battery comes into action the gun and waggon unlimber abreast of each other, and the limbers of both gallop clear to cover. The waggon is thus brought abreast of the gun, so that ammunition can be speedily served. The breech action is said to be very simple and the gun can fire thirty rounds a minute easily."

THE NEW 75-MM. 9-INCH QUICK-FIRING GUN IN ACTION THE FRENCH ARMY MANŒUVRES



"Dirk heard, and his ruddy face turned ashen grey. 'Cousin,' he replied, 'you seek of me the one thing which I must not give . . .'. Though it break my heart to bid you farewell and live without you, here I pay you back in your own words—I cannot, I cannot'."

LYSBETH

A TALE OF THE DUTCH

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by JACOMB-HOOD

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CHAPTER VI.—(continued)



HAT afternoon Dirk, filled with a solemn purpose, and dressed in his best suit, called at the house in the Bree Straat, where the door was again opened by Greta, who looked at him expectantly.

"Is your mistress in?" he stammered. "I have come to see your mistress."

"Alas! Mynheer," answered the young woman, "you are just too late. My mistress and her aunt, the Vrouw

Clara, have gone away to stay for a week or ten days, as the Vrouw Clara's health required a change."

"Indeed," said Dirk aghast. "And where have they gone?"

"Oh! Mynheer, I do not know that; they did not tell me," and no other answer could he extract from her.

So Dirk went away discomfited and pondering. An hour later the Captain Montalvo called, and strange to say proved more fortunate. By hook or by crook he obtained the address of the ladies, who were visiting, it appeared, at a seaside village within the limits of a ride. By a curious coincidence, that very afternoon Montalvo, also seeking rest and change of air, appeared at the inn of this village, giving it out that he proposed to lodge there for a while.

As he walked upon the beach next morning, whom should he chance to meet but the Vrouw Clara van Ziel, and never did the worthy Clara spend a more pleasant morning. Or so she declared to Lysbeth when she brought her cavalier back to dinner.

The reader may guess the rest. Montalvo paid his court, and in due course Montalvo was refused. He bore the blow with a tender resignation.

"Confess, dear lady," he said, "that there is some other man more fortunate."

Lysbeth did not confess, but, on the other hand, neither did she deny.

"If he makes you happy I shall be more than satisfied," the Count murmured; "but, lady, loving you as I do, I do not wish to see you married to a heretic."

"What do you mean, Señor?" asked Lysbeth, bridling up.

"Alas!" he answered, "I mean that, as I fear, the worthy Heer Dirk van Goor, a friend of mine for whom I have every respect, although he has outstripped me in your regard, has fallen into that evil net."

"Such accusations should not be made," said Lysbeth sternly, "unless they can be proved. Even then——," and she stopped.

"I will inquire further," replied the swain. "For myself I accept the position, that is until you learn to love me, if such should be my fortune. Meanwhile I beg of you at least to look upon me as a friend, a true friend, who would lay down his life to serve you."

Then, with many a sigh, Montalvo departed home to Leyden upon his beautiful black horse, but not before he had enjoyed a few minutes' earnest conversation with the worthy Tante Clara.

"Now, if only this old lady were concerned," he reflected as he rode away, "the matter might be easy enough, and the Saints know it would be one to me, but unhappily that obstinate pig

of a Hollander girl has all the money in her own right. In what labours do not the necessities of rank and station involve a man who by disposition requires only ease and quiet! Well, my young friend Lysbeth, if I do not make you pay for these exertions before you are two months older, my name is not Juan de Montalvo."

Three days later the ladies returned to Leyden. Within an hour of their arrival the Count called, and was admitted.

"Stay with me," said Lysbeth to her aunt Clara as the visitor was announced, and for a while she stayed. Then, making an excuse, she vanished from the room, and Lysbeth was left face to face with her tormentor.

"Why do you come here?" she asked; I have given you my answer."

"I come for your own sake," he answered, "to give you my reasons for conduct which you may think strange. You remember a certain conversation?"

"Perfectly," broke in Lysbeth.

"A slight mistake, I think, Jufvrouw. I mean a conversation about an excellent friend of yours, whose spiritual affairs seem to interest you."

"What of it, Señor?"

"Only this; I have made inquiries, and——"

Lysbeth looked up unable to conceal her anxiety.

"Oh! Jufvrouw, let me beg of you to learn to control your expression; the open face of childhood is so dangerous in these days."

"He is my cousin."

"I know; were he anything more, I should be so grieved, but we can most of us spare a cousin or two."

"If you would cease amusing yourself, Señor——"

"And come to the point? Of course I will. Well, the result of my inquiries has been to find out that this worthy person is a heretic of the most pernicious sort. I said inquiries, but there was no need for me to make any. He has been—"

"Not denounced," broke in Lysbeth.

"Oh! my dear lady, again that tell-tale emotion from which all sorts of things might be concluded. Yes—denounced—but fortunately to myself as a person appointed under the Edict. It will, I fear, be my duty to have him arrested this evening—you wish to sit down, allow me to hand you a chair—but I shall not deal with the case myself. Indeed, I propose to pass him over to the worthy Ruard Tapper, the Papal Inquisitor, you know—everyone has heard of the unpleasant Tapper—who is to visit Leyden next week, and who, no doubt, will make short work of him."

"What has he done?" asked Lysbeth in a low voice, and bending down her head to hide the working of her features.

"Done? My dear lady, it is almost too dreadful to tell you. This misguided and unfortunate young man, with another person whom the witnesses have not been able to identify, was seen at midnight reading the Bible."

"The Bible! Why should that be wrong?"

"Hush! Are you also a heretic? Do you not know that all this heresy springs from the reading of the Bible? You see, the Bible is a very strange book. It seems that there are many things in it which, when read by an ordinary layman, appear to mean this or that. When read by a consecrated priest, however, they mean something quite different. In the same way, there are many doctrines which the layman cannot find in the Bible that to the consecrated eye are plain as the sun and the moon. The difference between heresy and orthodoxy is, in short, the difference between what can actually be found in the letter of this remarkable work and what is really there—according to their holinesses."

"Almost thou persuadest me—" began Lysbeth bitterly.

"Hush! lady—to be, what you are, an angel."

There came a pause.

"What will happen to him?" asked Lysbeth.

"After—after the usual painful preliminaries to discover accomplices, I presume the stake, but possibly, as he has the freedom of Leyden, he might get off with hanging."

"Is there no escape?"

Montalvo walked to the window, and looking out of it remarked that he thought it was going to snow. Then suddenly he wheeled round, and staring hard at Lysbeth asked—

"Are you really interested in this heretic, and do you desire to save him?"

Lysbeth heard and knew at once that the buttons were off the foils. The bantering, whimsical tone was gone. Now her tormentor's voice was stern and cold, the voice of a man who was playing for great stakes and meant to win them.

She also gave up fencing.

"I am and I do," she answered.

"Then it can be done—at a price."

"What price?"

"Yourself in marriage within three weeks."

Lysbeth quivered slightly, then sat still.

"Would not my fortune do instead?" she asked.

"Oh! what a poor substitute you offer me," Montalvo said, with a return to his hateful banter. Then he added, "That offer might be considered were it not for the abominable laws which you have here. In practice it would be almost impossible for you to hand over any large sum, much of which is represented by real estate, to a man who is not your husband. Therefore I am afraid I must stipulate that you and your possessions shall not be separated."

Again Lysbeth sat silent. Montalvo, watching her with genuine interest, saw signs of rebellion, perchance of despair. He saw the woman's mental and physical loathing of himself conquering her fears for Dirk. Unless he was much mistaken she was about to defy him, which, as a matter of fact, would have proved exceedingly awkward, as his pecuniary resources were exhausted. Also on the very insufficient evidence which he possessed he would not have dared to touch Dirk, and thus make to himself a thousand powerful enemies.

"It is strange," he said, "that the irony of circumstances should reduce me to pleading for a rival. But, Lysbeth van Hout, before you answer I beg you to think. Upon the next movements of your lips it depends whether that body you love shall be stretched upon the rack, whether those eyes which you find pleasant shall grow blind with agony in the darkness of a dungeon, and whether that flesh which you think desirable shall scorch and wither in the furnace. Or, on the other hand, whether none of these things shall happen, whether this young man shall go free, to be for a month or two a little piqued—a little bitter—about the inconstancy of women, and then to marry some opulent and respected heretic. Surely you could scarcely hesitate. Oh! where is the self-sacrificing spirit of the sex of which we hear so much? Choose."

Still there was no answer. Montalvo, playing his trump card, drew from his vest an official-looking document, sealed and signed.

"This, he said, is the information to be given to the incorruptible Ruard Tapper. Look, here written on it is your cousin's name. My servant waits for me in your kitchen. If you hesitate any longer, I call him and in your presence charge him to give that paper to the messenger who starts this afternoon for Brussels. Once given it cannot be recalled and the pious Dirk's doom is sealed."

Lysbeth's spirit began to break. "How can I?" she asked. "It is true that we are not affianced; perhaps for this very reason which I now learn. But he cares for me and knows that I care for him. Must I then, in addition to the loss of him, be remembered all his life as little better than a light-of-love caught by the tricks and glitter of such a man as you? I tell you that first I will kill myself."

Again Montalvo went to the window, for this hint of suicide was most disconcerting. No one can marry a dead woman, and Lysbeth was scarcely likely to leave a will in his favour. It seemed that what troubled her particularly was the fear lest the young man should think her conduct light. Well, why should she not give him a reason which he would be the first to acknowledge as excellent for breaking with him? Could she, a Catholic, be expected to wed a heretic, and could he not be made to tell her that he was a heretic?

Behold an answer to his question! The Saints themselves,

desiring that this pearl of price should continue to rest in the bosom of the true Church, had intervened in his behalf, for there in the street below was Dirk van Goorl approaching Lysbeth's door. Yes, there he was dressed in his best burgher's suit, his brow knit with thought, his step hesitating; the very picture of the timid, doubtful lover.

"Lysbeth van Hout," said the Count, turning to her, "as it chances the Heer Dirk van Goorl is at your door. You will admit him, and this matter can be settled one way or the other. I wish to point out to you how needless it is that the young man should be left believing that you have treated him ill. All which is necessary is that you should ask whether or no he is of your faith. If I understand him, he will not lie to you. Then it remains only for you to say—for doubtless the man comes here to seek your hand—that however much it may grieve you to give such an answer, you can take no heretic to husband. Do you understand?"

Lysbeth bowed her head.

"Then listen. You will admit your suitor, you will allow him to make his offer to you now—if he is so inclined, you will, before giving any answer, ask him of his faith. If he replies that he is heretic, you will dismiss him as kindly as you wish. If he replies that he is a true servant of the Church, you will say that you have heard otherwise and must have time to make inquiries. Remember also that if by one jot you do otherwise than I have bid you, when Dirk van Goorl leaves the room you see him for the last time, unless it pleases you—to attend his execution. Whereas if you obey and dismiss him finally, as the door shuts behind him I put this information in the fire and satisfy you that the evidence upon which it is based is for ever deprived of weight and done with."

Lysbeth looked a question.

"I see you are wondering how I should know what you do or do not do. It is simple. I shall be the harmless but observant witness of your interview. Over this doorway hangs a tapestry; you will grant me the privilege—not a great one for a future husband—of stepping behind it."

Never, never," said Lysbeth. "I cannot be put to such a shame. I defy you."

As she spoke came the sound of knocking at the street door. Glancing up at Montalvo, for the second time she saw that look which he had worn at the crisis of the sledge race. All its urbanity, its careless *bonhomie*, had vanished. Instead of these appeared a reflection of the last and innermost nature of the man, the rock foundation, as it were, upon which was built the false and decorated superstructure that he showed to the world. There were the glaring eyes, there the grinning teeth of the Spanish wolf; a ravening brute ready to rend and tear, if so he might satisfy himself with the meat his soul desired.

"Don't play tricks with me," he muttered, "and don't argue, for there is no time. Do as I bid you, girl, or on your head will be this psalm-singing fellow's blood. And, look you, don't try setting him on me, for I have my sword and he is unarmed. If need be a heretic may be killed at sight, you know, that is by one clothed with authority. When the servant announces him go to the door and order that he is to be admitted," and picking up his plumed hat, which might have betrayed him, Montalvo stepped behind the arras.

For a moment Lysbeth stood thinking. Alas! she could see no possible escape, she was in the toils, the rope was about her throat. Either she must obey or, so she thought, she must give the man she loved to a dreadful death. For his sake she would do it, for his sake and might God forgive her, might God avenge her and him.

Another instant and there came a knock upon the door. She opened it.

"The Heer van Goorl stands below," said the voice of Greta, "wishing to see you, madam."

"Admit him," answered Lysbeth, and going to a chair almost in the centre of the room, she seated herself.

Presently Dirk's step sounded on the stair, that known, beloved step for which so often she had listened eagerly. Again the door opened and Greta announced the Heer van Goorl. That she could not see the Captain Montalvo evidently surprised the woman, for her eyes roamed round the room wonderingly, but she was too well trained, or too well bribed, to show her astonishment. Gentlemen of this kidney, as Greta had from time to time remarked, have a faculty for vanishing upon occasion.

And so Dirk walked into the fateful chamber as some innocent and unsuspecting creature walks into a bitter snare, little knowing that the lady whom he loved and whom he came to win was set as a bait to ruin him.

"Be seated, cousin," said Lysbeth, in a voice so forced and strained that it caused him to look up. But he saw nothing, for her head was turned away from him, and for the rest his mind was too preoccupied to be observant. By nature simple and open, it would have taken much to wake Dirk into suspicion in the home and presence of his love and cousin, Lysbeth.

"Good-day to you, Lysbeth," he said awkwardly. "Why how cold your hand is! I have been trying to find you for some time, but you have always been out or away, leaving no address."

"I have been to the sea with my Aunt Clara," she answered.

Then for a while—five minutes or more—there followed a strained and stilted conversation.

"Will the booby never come to the point?" reflected Montalvo, surveying him through a crack in the tapestry. "By the Saints, what a fool he looks!"

"Lysbeth," said Dirk at last, "I want to speak to you."

"Speak on, cousin," she answered.

"Lysbeth, I—I—have loved you for a long while, and I—have come to ask you to marry me. I have put it off for a year or more for reasons which I hope to tell you some day, but I can keep silent no longer, especially now when I see that a much finer gentleman is trying to win you—I mean the Spanish Count Montalvo," he added with a jerk.

She said nothing in reply. So Dirk went on pouring out all his honest passion in words that momentarily gathered weight and strength, till at length they were eloquent enough. He told her how since first they met he had loved her and only her, and how his one desire in life was to make her happy and be happy with her. Pausing at length he began to speak of his prospects—then she stopped him.

"Your pardon, Dirk," she said, "but I have a question to ask of you," and her voice died away in a kind of sob. "I have heard rumours about you," she went on presently, "which must be cleared

up. I have heard, Dirk, that by faith you are what is called a heretic. Is it true?"

He hesitated before answering, feeling that much depended on that answer. But it was only for an instant, since Dirk was too honest a man to lie.

"Lysbeth," he said, "I will tell to you what I would not tell any other living creature, not being one of my own brother, for whether you accept me or reject me, I know well that I am safe in speaking to you as when upon my knees I speak to God I serve. I am what you call a heretic. I am a man, but I have true faith to which I hope to draw you, but which if you do not wish it I should never press upon you. It is chiefly because I am what I am that for so long I have hung back from speaking to you, since I did not know whether it would be right—things thus—to ask you to mix your lot with mine, or whether I ought to marry you, if you would marry me, keeping this secret from me. Only the other night I sought counsel of—well, never mind whom—and we prayed together, and together searched the Word of God. And there, Lysbeth, by some wonderful mercy, I found prayer answered and my doubts solved, for the great St. Peter foreseen this case, as in that Book all cases are foreseen, and I saw how the unbelieving wife may be sanctified by the husband, and how the unbelieving husband may be sanctified by the wife. Then everything grew clear to me, and I determined to speak. And now, dear, I have said what I can, and it is for you to answer."

"Dirk, dear Dirk," she replied almost with a cry, "allow me the answer which I must give you. Renounce the error of your ways, make confession, and be reconciled to the Church and to me. Otherwise I cannot, no, and although I love you, I cannot marry you. Here she put an energy into her voice which was almost dreadful—"with all my heart and soul and strength I cannot, I cannot, I cannot."

Dirk heard, and his ruddy face turned ashen grey.

"Cousin," he replied, "you seek of me the one thing which I must not give. Even for your sake I may not renounce my God and my God as I behold Him. Though it break my heart, I must give you farewell and live without you, here I pay you back in my own words—I cannot, I cannot."

Lysbeth looked at him, and lo! his short, massive form and his earnest, honest countenance in that ardour of renunciation had changed to things almost divine. At that moment—to her at least—this homely Hollander wore the aspect of an angel. She ground her teeth and pressed her hands upon her heart. "For his sake—to save him," she muttered to herself—then she spoke.

"I respect you for it, I love you for it more than ever; but Dirk, it is over between us. One day, here or hereafter, you will understand and you will forgive."

"So be it," said Dirk husily, stretching out his hand to take his hat, for he was too blind to see. "It is a strange answer to my prayer, a very strange answer; but doubtless you are right to follow your lights as I am sure that I am right to follow mine. We must carry our cross, dear Lysbeth, each of us; you see that we must carry our cross. Only I beg of you—I don't speak as a jealous man, because the thing has gone further than jealousy—I speak as a friend, and come what may while I live you will always find me that—I beg of you, beware of the Spaniard, Montalvo. I know that he follows you to the coast; I have heard too he boasts that he will marry you. The man is wicked, although he took me for a first. I feel it—his presence seems to poison the air, yes, this very air I breathe. But oh! and I should like him to hear me say it, because I am sure he is at the bottom of all this, his hour will come. For whatever he does he will be paid back; he will be paid back here and hereafter. And now, good-bye. God bless you and protect you, dear Lysbeth. If you think it wrong you are quite right not to marry me, and I know that you will keep my secret. Good-bye again," and lifting her hand Dirk kissed it. Then he stumbled from the room.

As for Lysbeth she cast herself at full length, and in the bitterness of her heart beat her brow upon the boards.

When the front door had shut behind Dirk, but not before, Montalvo emerged from his hiding-place and stood over the prostrate Lysbeth. He tried to adopt his airy and sarcastic manner, but he was shaken by the scene which he had overheard, and somewhat frightened also, for he felt that he had called into being passions of which the force and fruits could not be calculated.

"Bravo, my little actress," he began, then gave it up and said in his natural voice, "You had best rise and see me burn this paper."

Lysbeth struggled to her knees and watched him thimble about document between two glowing peats.

"I have fulfilled my promise," he said, "and that evil deed is done with, but in case you should think of playing any trick on me, not fulfilling yours, please remember that I have fresh evidence, infinitely more valuable and convincing, to gain which, I have condescended to a stratagem not quite in keeping with my notions. With my own ears I heard this worthy gentleman, pleased to think so poorly of me, admit that he is a heretic. It is enough to burn him any day, and I swear that if within weeks we are not man and wife, burn he shall."

While he was speaking Lysbeth had risen slowly to her feet. Now she confronted him, no longer the Lysbeth whom he knew a new being filled like a cup with fury that was the more dangerous because it was so quiet.

"Juan de Montalvo," she said in a low voice, "your witness has won, and for Dirk's sake my person and my name must pay its price. So be it since so it must be. But let me make no prophecies about you; I do not say that this or that will happen to you, but I call down upon you the curse of God and execration of men."

Then she threw up her hands and began to pray. "Whom it has pleased that I should be given to a fate far worse than death; O God! blast the mind and the soul of this monster, him henceforth never know a peaceful hour; let misfortune upon him through me and mine; let fears haunt his sleep. Let him live in heavy labour and die in blood and misery, and then let me; and if I bear children to him, let this curse be upon also."

She ceased. Montalvo looked at her and tried to speak. He looked and again he tried to speak, but no words would come. Then the fear of Lysbeth van Hout fell upon him, that fear which

was to haunt him all his life. He turned and crept from the room, and his face was like the face of an old man, nor, notwithstanding the height of his immediate success, could his heart have been more heavy if Lysbeth had been an angel sent straight from Heaven to proclaim to him the unalterable doom of God.

CHAPTER VII.

HENDRIK BRANT HAS A VISITOR

NINE months had gone by, and for more than eight of them Lysbeth had been known as the Countess Juan de Montalvo. Indeed of this there could be no doubt, since she was married with some ceremony by the Bishop in the Groote Kerke before the eyes of all men. Folk had wondered much at these hurried nuptials, though some of the more ill-natured shrugged their shoulders and said that when a young woman had compromised herself by long and lonely drives with a Spanish cavalier, and was in consequence dropped by her own admirer, why the best thing she could do was to marry as soon as possible.

So the pair, who looked handsome enough before the altar, were sent, and went to taste of such nuptial bliss as was reserved for them in Lysbeth's comfortable house in the Bree Straat. Here they lived almost alone, for Lysbeth's countrymen and women showed their disapproval of her conduct by avoiding her company, and, for sons of his own, Montalvo did not encourage the visiting of his wards at his house. Moreover, the servants were changed, and Tante Clara and the girl Greta had also disappeared. Indeed, Lysbeth, finding out the false part which they had played towards her, dismissed them both before her marriage.

It will be guessed that after the events which led to their union Lysbeth took little pleasure in her husband's society. She was not one of those women who can acquiesce in marriage by fraud or capture, and even learn to love the hand which snared them. So it came about that to Montalvo she spoke very seldom; indeed after the first week of marriage she only saw him on rare occasions. Very soon he found out that his presence was hateful to her, and turned her detestation to account with his usual cleverness. In other words, Lysbeth bought freedom by parting with her property. In fact, a regular tariff was established, so many guilders for a week's liberty, so many for a month's.

This was an arrangement that suited Montalvo well enough, for in his heart he was terrified of this woman, whose beautiful face had frozen into a perpetual mask of watchful hatred. He could not forget that frightful curse which had taken deep root in his superstitious mind, and already seemed to flourish there, for it was true that since she spoke it he had never known a quiet hour. How could he when he was haunted night and day by the fear lest his wife should murder him?

Surely, if ever Death looked out of a woman's eyes it looked out of hers, and it seemed to him that such a deed might trouble her conscience little; that she might consider it in the light of an execution, and not as a murder. Bah! he could not bear to think of it. What would it be to drink his wine one day and then feel a hand of fire gripping at his vitals because poison had been set within the cup; or, worse still, if anything could be worse, to wake at night and find a stiletto point grating against his backbone? Little wonder that Montalvo slept alone and was always careful to lock his door.

He need not have taken such precautions; whatever her eyes might say, Lysbeth had no intention of killing this man. In that prayer of hers she had, as it were, placed the matter in the hand of a higher Power, and there she meant to leave it, feeling quite convinced that although vengeance might tarry it would fall at last. As for her money, he could have it. From the beginning her instinct told her that her husband's object was not amorous, but purely mercenary, a fact of which she soon had plentiful proof, and her great, indeed her only hope was that when the wealth was gone he would go too. An otter, says the Dutch proverb, does not nest in a dry dyke.

But oh! what months those were, what dreadful months! From time to time she saw her husband—when he wanted cash, and every night she heard him returning home, often with unsteady steps. Twice or thrice a week also she was commanded to prepare a luxurious meal for himself and some six or eight companions, to be followed by a gambling party at which the stakes ruled high. Then in the morning, before he was up, strange people would arrive, Jews some of them, and wait till they could see him, or catch him as he slipped from the house by a back way. These men, Lysbeth discovered, were duns seeking payment of old debts. Under such constant calls her fortune, which if substantial was not great, melted rapidly. Soon the ready money was gone, then the shares in certain ships were sold, then the land and the house itself were mortgaged.

So the time went on.

Almost immediately after his refusal by Lysbeth, Dirk van Goorl had left Leyden, and returned to Alkmaar, where his father lived. His cousin and friend, however, Hendrik Brant, remained there studying the jeweller's art under the great master of filagree work, who was known as Petrus. One morning, as Hendrik was sitting at breakfast in his lodging, it was announced that a woman who would not give her name, wished to see him. Moved more by curiosity than by any other reason, he ordered her to be admitted. When she entered he was sorry, for in the gaunt person and dark-eyed face he recognised one against whom he had been warned by the elders of his church as a spy, a creature who was employed by the papal inquisitors to get up cases against heretics, and who was known as Black Meg.

"What is your business with me?" Brant asked sternly.

"Nothing to your hurt, worthy Heer, believe me, nothing to your hurt. Oh, yes, I know that tales are told against me, who only earn an honest living in an honest way, to keep my poor husband, who is an imbecile. Once alas! he followed that mad Anabaptist fool, John of Leyden, the fellow who set up as a king, and said that men might have as many wives as they wished. That was what sent my husband silly; but, thanks be to the Saints, he has repented of his errors and is reconciled to the Church and Christian marriage, and now I, who have a forgiving nature, am obliged to support him."

"Your business?" said Brant.

"Mynheer," she answered, dropping her husky voice, "you are a friend of the Countess Montalvo, she who was Lysbeth van Hout?"

"No; I am acquainted with her, that is all."

"At least you are a friend of the Heer Dirk van Goorl who has left this town for Alkmaar; he who was her lover?"

"Yes, I am his cousin, but he is not the lover of any married woman."

"No, no, of course not; love cannot look through a bridal veil, can it? Still, you are his friend, and, therefore, perhaps, her friend, and—she isn't happy."

"Indeed? I know nothing of her present life: she must reap the field which she has sown. That door is shut."

"Not altogether perhaps. I thought it might interest Dirk van Goorl to learn that it is still ajar."

"I don't see why it should. Fish merchants are not interested in rotten herrings; they write off the loss and send out the smack for a fresh cargo."

"The first fish we catch is ever the finest, Mynheer, and if we haven't quite caught it, oh! what a fine fish is that."

"I have no time to waste in chopping riddles. What is your errand? Tell it, or leave it untold, but be quick."

Black Meg leant forward, and the hoarse voice sank to a cavernous whisper.

"What will you give me," she asked, "if I prove to you that the Captain Montalvo is not married at all to Lysbeth van Hout?"

"It does not much matter what I would give you, for I saw the thing done in the Groote Kerk yonder."

"Things are not always done that seem to be done."

"Look here, woman, I have had enough of this," and Brant pointed to the door.

Black Meg did not stir, only she produced a packet from the bosom of her dress and laid it on the table.

"A man can't have two wives living at once, can he?"

"No, I suppose not—that is, legally."

"Well, if I show you that Montalvo has two wives, how much?"

Brant became interested. He hated Montalvo; he guessed, indeed, he knew something of the part which the man had played in this infamous affair, and knew also that it would be a true kindness to Lysbeth to rid her of him.

"If you *proved* it," he said, "let us say two hundred florins."

"It is not enough, mynheer."

"It is all I have to offer, and, mind you, what I promise I pay."

"Ah! yes, the other promises and doesn't pay—the rogue, the rogue," she added, striking a bony fist upon the table. "Well, I agree, and I ask no fond, for you merchant folk are not like cavaliers; your word is as good as your paper. Now read these," and she opened the packet and pushed its contents towards him.

With the exception of two miniatures, which he placed upon one side, they were letters written in Spanish and in a very delicate hand. Brant knew Spanish well, and in twenty minutes he had read them all. They proved to be epistles from a lady who signed herself Juanita de Montalvo, written to the Count Juan de Montalvo, whom she addressed as her husband. Very piteous documents they were also, telling a tale that need not be set out here of heartless desertion; pleading for the writer's sake and for the sake of certain children, that the husband and father would return to them, or at least remit them means to live, for they, his wife and family, were sunk in great poverty.

"All this is sad enough," said Brant with a gesture of disgust as he glanced at the miniatures of the lady and her children, "but it proves nothing. How are we to know that she is the man's wife?"

Black Meg put her hand into the bosom of her dress and produced another letter dated not more than three months ago. It was, or purported to be, written by the priest of the village where the lady lived, and was addressed to the Captain the Count Juan de Montalvo at Leyden. In substance this epistle was an earnest appeal to the noble count from one who had a right to speak, as the man who had christened him, taught him, and married him to his wife, either to return to her or to forward her the means to join him. "A dreadful rumour, the letter ended, 'has reached us here in Spain that you have taken to wife, a Dutch lady at Leyden named Van Hout, but this I do not believe, since never could you have committed such a crime before God and man. Write, write at once, my son, and disperse this black cloud of scandal which is gathering on your honoured and ancient name.'"

"How did you come by these, woman?" asked Brant.

"The last I had from a priest who brought it from Spain. I met him at The Hague, and offered to deliver the letter as he had no safe means of sending it to Leyden. The others and the pictures I stole out of Montalvo's room."

"Indeed, most honest merchant, and what might you have been doing in his Excellency's room?"

"I will tell you," she answered, "for, as he never gave me my pay, my tongue is loosed. He wished for evidence that the Heer Dirk van Goorl was a heretic, and employed me to find it."

Brant's face hardened, and he became more watchful. "Why did he wish such evidence?"

"To use it to prevent the marriage of the Jufvrouw Lysbeth with the Heer Dirk van Goorl."

"How?"

Meg shrugged her shoulders. "By telling his secret to her so that she might dismiss him, I suppose, or more likely by threatening that, if she did not, he would hand her lover over to the Inquisitors."

"I see. And did you get the evidence?"

"Well, I hid in the Heer Dirk's bedroom one night, and looking through a door saw him and another young man, whom I do not know, reading the Bible, and praying together."

"Indeed; what a terrible risk you must have run, for had those young men, or either of them, chanced to catch you, it is quite certain that you would not have left that room alive. You know these heretics think that they are justified in killing a spy at sight, and, upon my word, I do not blame them. In fact, my good woman," and he leant forward and looked her straight in the eyes, "were I in the same position I would have knocked you on the head as readily as though you had been a rat."

Black Meg shrank back, and turned a little blue about the lips.

"Of course, Mynheer, of course, it is a rough game, and the poor agents of God must take the risks. Not that the other young

man had any cause to fear. I wasn't paid to watch him, and—as I have said—I neither know nor care who he is."

"Well, who can say, that may be fortunate for you, especially if he should ever come to know or to care who you are. But it is no affair of ours, is it? Now, give me those letters. What, do you want your money first? Very well," and, rising, Brant went to a cupboard and produced a small steel box, which he unlocked; and, having taken from it the appointed sum, locked it again. "There you are," he said. "Oh, you needn't stare at the cupboard; that box won't live there after to-day, or anywhere in this house. By the way, I understand that Montalvo never paid you."

"Not a stiver," she answered with a sudden access of rage; "the low thief, he promised to pay me after his marriage, but instead of rewarding her who put him in that warm nest, I tell you that already he has squandered every florin of the noble lady's money in gambling and satisfying such debts as he was obliged to, so that to-day I believe that she is almost a beggar."

"I see," said Brant, "and now good morning, and look you, if we should chance to meet in the town, you will understand that I do not know you."

"I understand, Mynheer," said Black Meg with a grin and vanished.

When she had gone Brant rose and opened the window. "Bah!" he said, "the air is poisoned. But I think I frightened her, I think that I have nothing to fear. Yet who can tell? My God, she saw me reading the Bible, and Montalvo knows it! Well, it is some time ago now, and I must take my chance."

Ah! who could tell indeed?

Then, taking the miniatures and documents with him, Brant started to call upon his friend and co-religionist, the Heer Pieter van de Werff, Dirk van Goorl's friend, and Lysbeth's cousin, a young man for whose judgment and abilities he had a great respect. As a result of this visit, these two gentlemen left that afternoon for Brussels, the seat of Government, where they had very influential friends.

It will be sufficient to tell the upshot of their visit. Just at that time the Government of the Netherlands wished for its own reasons to stand well with the citizen class, and when those in authority learned of the dreadful fraud that had been played off upon a lady of note who was known to be a good Catholic, for the sole object of robbing her of her fortune, there was indignation in high places. Indeed, an order was issued, signed by a hand which could not be resisted—so deeply was one woman moved by the tale of another's wrong—that the Count Montalvo should be seized and put upon his trial, just as though he were any common Netherland malefactor. Moreover, since he was a man with many enemies, no one was found to stand between him and the Royal decree.

(To be continued)

A Record Banquet

ON Saturday the centenary of the proclamation of the French Republic was celebrated in Paris by a gigantic banquet given by President Loubet, in concert with the Cabinet of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, to the Mayors of France. Some 23,000 guests sat down to the *déjeuner*, for which a temporary structure had been prepared in the Tuileries Gardens. The idea of entertaining the Mayors of France at a banquet was first conceived by M. Grébaud, President of the Paris Municipality, with the object of showing contempt for M. Loubet and the Cabinet by not inviting them—the Paris Municipality being notoriously Nationalist in its sympathy and hostile to the Government. But M. Grébaud forgot that he was dealing with Frenchmen and not with Parisians only. From all corners of France came refusals to countenance any attempt to humiliate the President of the Republic. M. Loubet was not slow to avail himself of the opportunity to emphasise this rebuff. He issued invitations to the Mayors to a banquet in opposition to the Civic entertainment. The result was that, while M. Loubet received 22,000 acceptances, M. Grébaud received only about 1,000, and the Paris Municipality was glad to abandon its project. M. Loubet has certainly "scored" off the Nationalists this time. Moreover, his banquet was a signal success. The history of the world affords no parallel to the vast feast. Everything was perfectly organised, and in spite of the fact that nearly 23,000 guests sat down to the tables, the lunch was excellently served. Who could estimate the viands necessary for such a vast company? It is marvellous how it was managed. To name only a few items—there were 150,000 plates, 100,000 glasses, and 50,000 rolls—and the cooks and waiters alone made a little army of nearly 5,000 men. Some day we shall hear, no doubt, some more interesting statistics of this wondrous banquet, and we shall be told how many salmon, chickens, ducks, and pheasants, and how many pounds of other commodities, and how many bottles of wine—good wine, too—went to feed this interesting multitude, representing all classes of Frenchmen, from local magnates to peasant proprietors.

With M. Loubet at the principal table, at right angles to which all the others ran, were the Presidents of the Senate and of the Chamber, the Ministers and other dignitaries of State, and the oldest and youngest Mayors. The former of the two last named was a hale old man of ninety-two. Of course M. Loubet could not be seen by all this vast concourse of guests, nor could his speech be heard by more than a thousand or so of those who were nearest to him, but this difficulty was overcome by having the speech printed and placed with the *menu* of each guest. M. Loubet's address was remarkably clever. He began by reminding his guests that he, too, had worn the Mayoral Scarf. He thanked them for responding so cordially to his invitation, and concluded his speech by saying that when his guests returned to their Communes they would be asked what sentiments they had brought back from the meeting and they might "say, above all, that we have no hatred nor rancour against any one, and that our dearest hope is to see all Frenchmen fraternally united in one love of the Fatherland and of the Republic."

The speech was received with great enthusiasm, and more than once the President had to pause to allow the cheers to subside. After the banquet there was a reception, followed by an entertainment in the Salle des Fêtes.

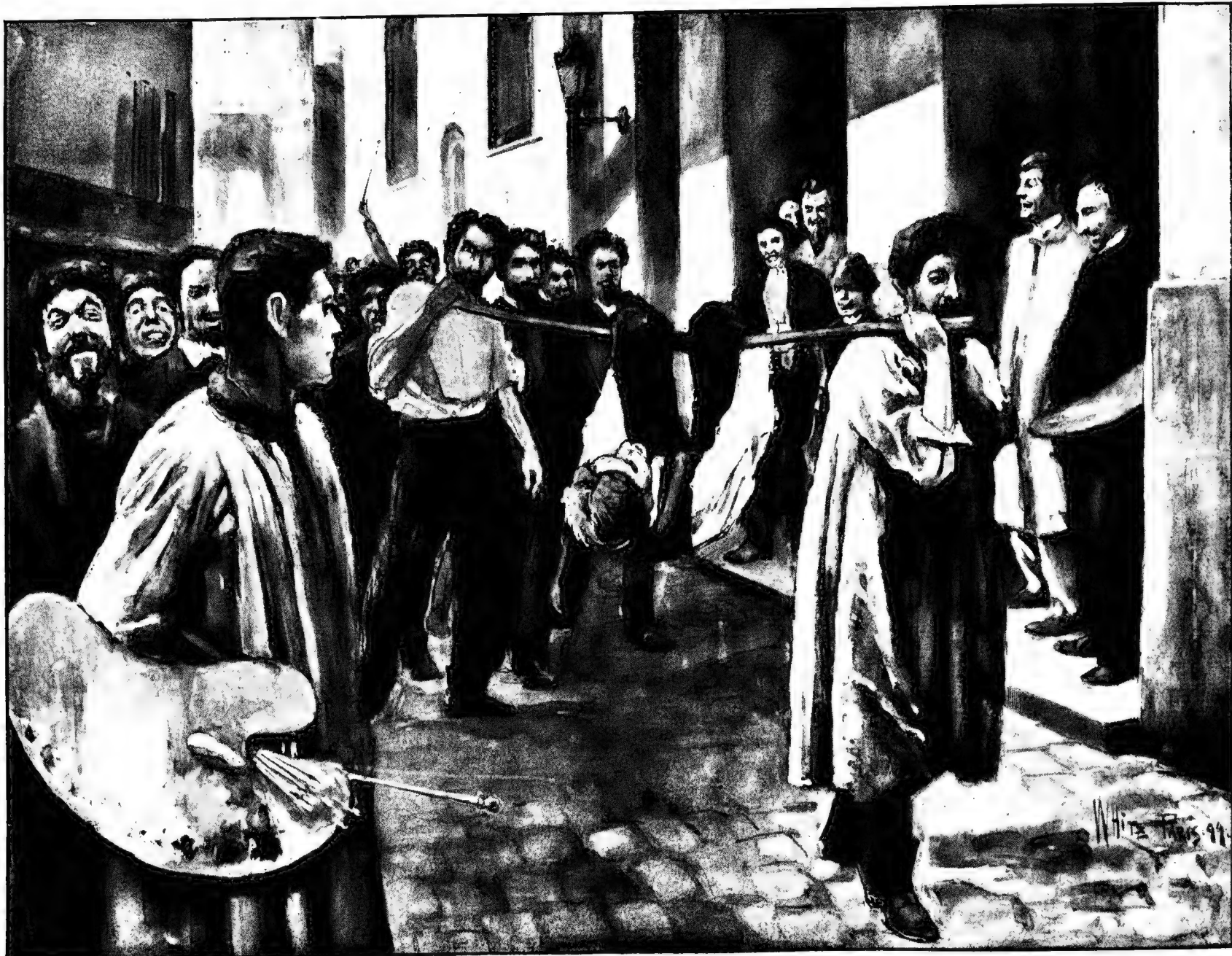
The Dogs of Constantinople

It will be well, before entering upon an account of this "second population" of Constantinople, to give some idea of the streets they live in. These are for the most part very narrow, as is usual in hot climates, and pavements are consequently a rare commodity. It is hard to imagine anything more bewildering than one of the crowded streets of the European side of the town. Two endless streams of carriages, horses, foot-passengers, and hammals (or street porters), carrying what would seem impossible burdens, continually flowing from opposite directions, all possessed of the one desire, not to be impeded in their course. There being no rule of the road coachmen make their horses dash along wherever they see the widest opening, and those on foot have to pick their way as best they can by dodging in and out among the crowd, being continually reminded to look about them by the cries of "Vardah!" (or "Look out!") proceeding from the drivers and hammals. The load one of these hammals will carry is quite astounding—one man will place upon his back and carry up the rough, narrow streets the amount of luggage that would fill a large porter's truck. I have seen one man carry a cottage piano on his back! I believe it is a matter of trick or knack rather than of strength, for the men do not always appear strong, and generally walk, when bearing their burdens, with very bent knees. In the midst of this turmoil of selfish but good-tempered people—I say good-tempered advisedly, for the Constantinopolitan never seems to lose his temper in public—one is sure to notice a number of dogs wisely taking life as easily and as lazily as those dwelling



PARIAH DOGS IN A CONSTANTINOPLE STREET
FEEDING THE OUTCASTS

in the quieter streets; in fact, they seem to consider the middle of a crowded high-road a most suitable spot to go to sleep in, and lay themselves down there with as little thought of danger or discomfort as does the ordinary domestic dog when he curls himself up on a hearthrug before the fire. The dogs are all of one breed, and only differ from one another in colour. In size and build they much resemble the collie, but their coat is more furry and their ears smaller and more pointed. They are all masterless; but they are not, as is commonly believed, ferocious. Another popular fallacy is the idea that these dogs render themselves useful as street scavengers; this is hardly the case, for though they do prow around and see what dainties they can pick out of the dust-heaps, thrown out daily before the houses, they do not, on the whole, diminish, but rather add to, the filth of the most unpleasant streets one can well imagine. The dogs are great cowards, and begin to howl at the mere vision of an uplifted stick; and when they do receive a kick or a blow, slink off whining with their tail between their legs, however slight the injury. The inhabitants of either side of the Golden Horn are, as a general rule, very kind in their treatment of this dumb republic, and in a way fond of them. This is especially true of the Turks. Sultan Abdul-Mejid, considering these dogs a nuisance, once proposed to have them all sent away to the Princes Islands, but the people showed such strong unwillingness to lose them that the suggestion was never carried out. The most noticeable form of kindness of the inhabitants towards these animals is the practice of putting out sackings or baskets lined with straw in some sheltered corner for the puppies. The Turks, living as they do chiefly on rice and macaroni, have seldom any bones left over from their meals; but



The "mise à la broche," a traditional form of initiation, still in vogue at the Ecole Nationale des Beaux Arts of Paris, which can be traced back to the time the school's studios were first thrown open to the public. In no Art-school in the great French metropolis does there exist such good fellowship, so many forms of harmless nonsense and practical jokes as in the National School of Fine Arts of Paris. The "broche," as shown in our illustration, consists of a strong hickory pole, upon which the "nouveau" (freshman) is firmly attached and suspended by his knees preparatory to making his first excursion through the successive studios of the school. Paying homage to these is supposed to be necessary for the downfall

of the freshman's pride. The artists in one studio may choose to paint the new pupil's neck a brilliant pea green, others may remove his shirt, and cover his chest and back with symbolic paintings, whereas the sculptors, assuring him that his nose is lacking in the finer elements of line, remedy the defect by modelling a clay one on his face. Upon returning to the Studio he is released, congratulated, and with a plentiful supply of turpentine is assisted in removing the paint from his skin and pores, finally emerging from the atelier at 11.30 looking very little the worse for wear.

INITIATION DAY AT GEROME'S STUDIO, NATIONAL SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS, PARIS

DRAWN BY CHARLES H. WHITE



FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT F. BLAKE KNOW, R.A.M.C.

camp at Waterval for the first time they caused great commotion, and were pursued by flocks of Kodak-bearers

BROTHERS IN ARMS: A MIXED GUN DETACHMENT AT WATERVAL

Some of those who
Royal Artillery, and the curious spectacle is seen of a gun team with the right-hand horses
ridden by the Navy and the left hand by the Army. When these guns arrived so manned in

We have not many sailors left with us. Some of those who
A correspondent writes: ... We have not many sailors left with us. Some of those who
are still here have been assisted in manning their 12-pounder quick-firing guns by the

The Electoral Campaign

SOME FACTS AND FIGURES

the feeding of the dogs with bread is an everyday sight. Further than the throwing out of food to them their kindness cannot go; for, according to the Mahomedan religion, the dog is an unclean animal, and, therefore, they dare not receive one into their houses, or even so much as touch one with their hands. Nevertheless Mahomedans have been known to make a pet of a dog, and to have become so attached to it as to give it, privately, a ceremonial burial at its death, while others have left sums in their wills for the provision of these animals.

Perhaps the most interesting and curious fact concerning these dogs is that they live in distinct quarters. All the streets in Constantinople are divided up into separate dog-quarters, which are inhabited by sets of dogs varying from perhaps ten to twenty in number. The frontiers of each quarter are known only to the dogs themselves; though one can get to know them by noticing how far a dog will follow one when enticed by some food. Each separate colony guards its quarter with the utmost vigilance, and these same creatures which seem so indifferent to all that goes on around them, will at once jump up and bark at any strange dog that encroaches upon their territory; and should the intruder persist they will set upon him and chase him out again. One wonders how the demarcation of these quarters was first arrived at.

The domestic dog of European residents is, of course, welcome in no dog-quarter, and, consequently, taking him out for exercise is an occupation accompanied by much anxiety. The famous actress, Sarah Bernhardt, while staying in Constantinople in 1893, had a Newfoundland with her, and on the first day of her visit took the animal out with her, but was soon compelled to return on account of the commotion this large stranger caused in every dog-quarter that she passed through. The dogs are, moreover, dissatisfied when they know that another dog is being housed in their quarter, doubtless imagining that he will get the food which might have been thrown out to them. Thus Madame Bernhardt had to employ several men to keep the dogs dwelling round her hotel quiet at night, these latter not at all appreciating the presence of her well-fed companion.

One is justified in inferring that these masterless dogs will eventually die out—by a process of natural selection—and then the noble city of the Bosphorus will have lost what is at the same time one of its most picturesque and most troublesome features.

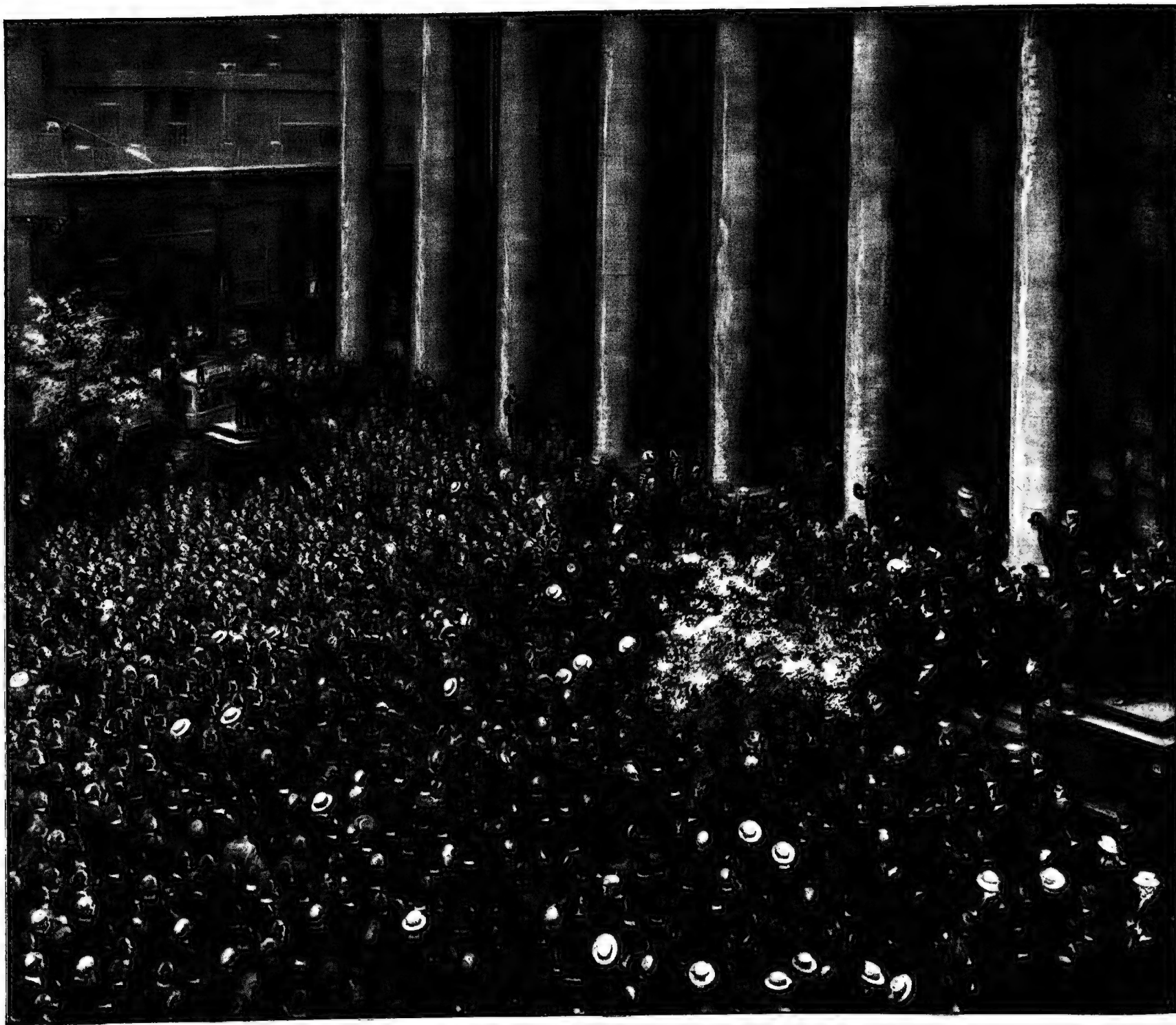
E. D. R.

OWING to the exceptional paucity of by-elections during the last five years, and the general maintenance of the *status quo* at municipal contests, there would be, were it not for the all-absorbing war question, far fewer indications of the present relative strength of Parties in constituencies than is usually the case on the eve of a General Election. The popular conception is that the Unionists will win "hands down." For two or three years, however, subsequent to the last pitched battle between the Ins and the Outs, "the swing of the pendulum" certainly appeared to favour the Opposition. Its organs loudly proclaimed the return of "the flowing tide," and arithmetical demonstration was employed, *ad nauseam*, to prove the coming downfall of Unionist administration. There were some grounds for this boasting; not only did the Government continue to lose seats on balance, but it was an even more serious matter that the Radical polling almost invariably made better show than it had done in the same constituencies at the General Election. The Opposition thus gained advantage both in Parliamentary and in electoral strength, and bearing in mind the large number of constituencies represented by Unionists who only got in "by the skin of their teeth," it was not unreasonable to assume that their seats could be captured without much difficulty whenever opportunity offered. It is even possible that this would have occurred on a considerable scale had many vacancies happened during this reactionary period at equally divided constituencies. But good luck fortunately befriended the Government; the Opposition had very few chances of demonstrating its claimed augmentation of polling potency. All the same, there were corrugated brows among Unionist managers and wirepullers, accompanied by some disposition, here and there, to saddle Ministers with the whole blame for these recurrent electioneering disasters. They were admonished and even rated

for alleged faults both of omission and of commission; while the Conservatives believed that the Liberal-Unionists exercised an undue share of influence at Downing Street, the latter section murmured whenever what they regarded as Tory legislation was introduced by the Government.

It is greatly to Lord Salisbury's credit that he kept a cool head throughout this stormy period, and marched straight along the path he had marked out when forming his Cabinet. There was no turning aside, to the one hand or the other, on the chance of catching votes; the prescribed plan of campaign was unfalteringly adhered to with a tenacity which, looking back at that perplexing time, compares very favourably with the erratic adventures of some previous Prime Minister when similarly circumstanced. Whatever change came over the electorate, the Government could make use of a commanding majority until the next General Election. Lord Salisbury, like the sagacious statesman that he is, resolved to content himself with making full use of this power for national benefit, without troubling himself about subsequent contingencies.

This patient courage had its reward, in due course; the social reaction gradually expended its initial force as the Radical reaction and file came to perception that their party had neither a leader nor a policy nor even any fundamental political principle. For a little time the by-election pendulum oscillated equally, without gains to either side, either in seats or in electoral strength. Then, was, of course, the usual shouting about "glorious victories" and all the rest of it, while every defeat was explained away as having no real significance as a test of national feeling. But a little later darkened faces might be seen at the National Liberal Club, as the ear vainly listened for any repetition of that pleasing refrain "The flowing tide is with us." In several instances the Unionists brought off successes incapable of being explained away, when assailing Radical strongholds, they generally made a much better show than in 1895. If, therefore, judgment might be formed on these latter contests alone, it is plainly evident that the omens are auspicious for the maintenance of the present Ministerial majority practically intact, with a probability of some increase. It is less by twenty-two in a full House than it was when the Government came into power, the difference representing elec-



In accordance with ancient custom the Royal Proclamation dissolving Parliament was on Monday morning publicly read from the steps of the Royal Exchange in the presence of the Lord Mayor and Alderman and Sheriff Sir William Treloar, who attended in State. The Lord Mayor, who wore his crimson robe and badge and chain of office, was attended by the Swordbearer, the Common Crier and Serjeant-at-

Arms, and the City Marshal. The ceremony, which was purely formal, was witnessed by a large crowd of persons, who lined the steps and occupied the large space in front of the Exchange. The Proclamation was read by Colonel Burnaby, the Common Crier, and at the conclusion cheers were given for the Queen.

AN OLD CUSTOM: READING THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION DISSOLVING PARLIAMENT OUTSIDE THE EXCHANGE

From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company

In the design of ships Mr. Goschen's administration has seen no remarkable innovations. The *Majestic* type of battleship, with certain improvements, still holds the field, though in the near future the 7-in. quick-firer will take the place of the 6in. in our large armouredclads. The armoured cruiser, however, after ten years' neglect in England, has made its reappearance, and no less than twenty are now building or completing. The Belleville boiler came in in the *Powerful* and *Arrogant* classes under Lord Spencer; under Mr. Goschen it has become the standard boiler of the Fleet, and though its general adoption has been fiercely challenged, in justice to the First Lord it should be remarked that England was only following in the wake of other progressive Navies when she employed it. Lastly, it is said that the Admiralty are now meditating a startling step—nothing more nor less than the introduction of the much-decried submarine boat into our fleet. Let us hope it is true.





OFFICERS ATTENDING AN OPEN-AIR SERVICE ON THE PARADE GROUND AT ODESSA BEFORE EMBARKING
OFF TO CHINA: BLESSING A RUSSIAN CONTINGENT
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TCHEKOVSKY, ODESSA



GRAVES OF BRITISH SOLDIERS IN THE CEMETERY AT BLOEMFONTEIN

THEY DIED FOR THE FLAG

From a Photograph by H. W. Nicholls

An Artistic Causerie

By M. H. SPIELMANN

THE report that the replica of Mr. Holman Hunt's masterpiece, "The Light of the World," had been destroyed was doubtless a libel upon Lady Tweedmouth, who owns it. But there was nothing inherently impossible in it in a general sense (and apart from any act by Lady Tweedmouth herself), for we know from sad experience of what men and women are capable when moved by religious fervour or by unreasoning mania. The folly of Christina of Sweden sinks into nothing beside holocausts of works of art such as those of the English Reformation and Savonarola's crusade. And can we recall without anger the madness of the unfortunate who smashed the Portland Vase and could not be punished, so that a new law had specially to be passed for the benefit of lunatics such as he? His example was followed but a fortnight ago in Florence, where the door-keeper of the Archaeological Museum is said to have gone mad and done great damage among unique works of the highest value. But a few days before, Ford Madox Brown's "Crabtree Watching the Transit of Venus" (during the painting of which I well remember holding the artist company) was defaced by the scribbles of an imbecile, and a fortnight later another idiot scratched upon the little Rembrandt in the Salon Carré of the Louvre his initials, "F. L." He seems to have forgotten the two middle letters.

It is probable that in the world of Art this present year will be remembered in France and England, not by the Paris Exhibition, nor by the Vandyck Exhibition at the Royal Academy, but by the extraordinary improvements in the Louvre and in the National Gallery. The visitor to either of these noble institutions will be

amazed at the excellence of the new arrangements. From the Louvre a considerable number of doubtful pictures have been removed; those which remain have been admirably classified according to schools, and the Rubens's great Henry IV. series of paintings have been magnificently installed in a splendid apartment erected on the site of the Prince Imperial's *manège*—a place of pilgrimage for all art lovers.

At the National Gallery numerous internal improvements have been introduced. Handrails have been removed, floors darkened, modern English and foreign pictures have been removed, and other works re-hung. The change is very striking and not less welcome. Besides this, we may hail the acquisition of a Fra Bartolommeo—at last!—a "Virgin and Child, with St. John," acquired out of the Lewis Fund, and hung in Room I. Besides this, there is a beautiful picture presented by Mr. Fairfax Murray, said to be by Jan Vermeer; and Sir Edward Burne-Jones's masterpiece, "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," has been hung in Room XXI., where it may be seen in rivalry with Millais's "Gladstone" and "The Yeoman of the Guard." As to these pictures, worthy as they may be of the National Gallery, they should be subjected to the same rule as that which prevails in France—they should invariably be kept in the Tate Gallery (our Luxembourg)—for ten years after the painter's death, so that unprejudiced judgment may be passed and no invidious exceptions made.

As to the National Gallery, the reader may be informed that the "isolation" of the Gallery is to be proceeded with as soon as possible by the removal of "Watherston's" next door, where the fire occurred which gave so healthy a fright to the Government. But, as I anticipated, the measure is more nominal than real. A mere passage a few feet wide is now to be left between the Gallery and the next house.

Meanwhile, my attention has been drawn by Mr. Atkinson, the great "anti-combustion missionary" of the fact that when he was asked to report upon the British Museum, he found that in this building, which contains 200,000l. worth of uninsured property, there were three gas in boiler rooms in the basement! There is no gas laid in the National Gallery, and the boilers are outside. Mr. Atkinson recommends "wire-glass" (glass with a mesh of wire within sheet) for our skylights as capable of resistance to a very high temperature, preventing the passage of hot air, flame, and in case of a fire.

There has been a tremendous outcry in a certain quarter against the Fine Art Section in the British Exhibition in the Paris Exhibition. Doubtless, that section might have been more complete. It might have been more representative had not a number of owners and artists, moved by personal resentment, fear of damage, or other reason, declined to exhibit the works which were coveted. Pending a clearer statement as to the names of the artists who have been wickedly prevented by the authorities from exhibiting, a very simple answer may be given to those who complain that the British pictures constitute a commonplace Royal Academy exhibition, and that the section is a by-word, a laughing-stock, and "a national disgrace." It is this—that the combined art juries, after long and anxious judging and voting, have awarded to Great Britain, for this very collection, a larger number of medals than has been adjudged to any other foreign section. Do our critical friends doubt it? I refer them to the *Journal Officiel*, from which they may pick out the figures for themselves. I do not mean to say that this is a final test of the character of the exhibit, but it is a test of what Europe and America thought of it.



DRAWN BY F. J. WAUGH

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY PHOTOGETTER

When our troops arrived at Pretoria it was not at first at all easy to get adequate supplies for the population of the town and the troops. Lord Roberts, therefore, ordered that the wives and children of the Boers fighting against us should be sent away by train

BY ORDER OF LORD ROBERTS: BOER WOMEN AND CHILDREN LEAVING KRUGERSDORP STATION

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

ELECTIONEERING just now fills everyone's thoughts. Of late years ladies have taken considerable personal interest in elections, they have ensured many a candidate's success, and spared neither time nor trouble in canvassing his constituents. A woman of tact can do much in this way, and the contrast between one who is clever in handling the different aspects of human character and the bungler in such matters is sharply distinguished by the acute elector. It is not enough to be nice looking and well dressed and have a smattering of political knowledge, intelligent sympathy, personal interest and a pleasant manner are also supreme requisites. We no longer content ourselves to kiss butchers in order to get a vote, but we must take an infinity of trouble and in the right way. Perhaps many of the men who are returned unopposed, or who keep a disputed seat, owe it to the charm and tact of their wives.

The summer is over at last, an unsatisfactory patchwork of scorching days, cold winds, and rain and frosts, and now the beautiful early autumn is upon us, that season which corresponds to the matronhood of a lovely woman when all her charms are ripe, and imbued with a special savour of grace and knowledge. This St. Martin's summer, the last brief spell of glory before the winter comes, is fraught with many delights. To men it brings the covert shooting, the cub-hunting, the joys of golf; to woman it means picnics, long bicycling days or dreamy rides through the forest. The sun is bright and hot, summer dresses may still be worn, race-meetings form pleasant gatherings, and the tennis lawn is not yet drenched with heavy dew. Everyone seems seized with the same rage to enjoy themselves as thoroughly as possible, to drink freely of the delights of the country before the death-knell of summer sounds and the town claims our weary souls again.

Autumn leaves form a decoration no hostess should neglect. Stuck in big jars and glasses they embellish the old oak hall and give colour to the dark corners of the drawing-room. The pale trails of the wild convolvulus, the deep green of the ivy, the blood-red clusters of the ampelopsis, the brilliant colours of the blackberry leaf, the berries of the barberry, the mountain ash, the elder, and the wild rose, feathery grasses and green rushes make a cluster of colour which sends the artist in dinner-table trimming frantic with delight. Set on pale yellow silk these leaves and grasses form the happiest combinations, and arrange themselves with the smallest possible aid from deft fingers. How strained and cold and prim seem the bouquets of roses, the orchids and the peonies of summer as they glanced at us from every dinner table, equally perfect and equally uninteresting. The wild things of the wood in their simplicity and their abandon are worth ten of them.

The fashion of large earrings seems setting in again. It is a barbarous, a primeval fashion, yet it is certainly becoming. To some faces the long earring forms a setting which cannot be equalled in picturesqueness. Our grandmothers knew this, and studied their earrings, as they did their necklaces, with care and prudence. The ladies of Charles I.'s Court are all represented with the large pearl drops, which were exquisitely appropriate to the short curls, the square bodices, the lace collars set with pearls. The diamond earrings of the First Empire, again, emphasise the classical tiara, the tight robes, and the caught-up coiffure, while the long gold earrings of fifty years ago, as worn by the Queen and her contemporaries in the Books of Beauty, may naturally be revived with the swan necks, the large hats, the scarves and muslin gowns we patronised this year. Earrings, when they suit a face, seem to give to it just the peculiar *cachet* which completes the picture.

The new *Monthly Review* possesses one peculiar charm. Though its appearance in the guise of a Blue Book may at first sight deter, it is beautifully printed, and this matter of the printing is one we are growing terribly lax about, viewing the increasing number of spectacles around us with careless complacency. That penny numbers should be ill-printed and cheap editions tax the eyesight may be easily conceived, but why novels and magazines, essentially useful at times of rest and leisure, meant to be read in bed at night, in railways by the light of a quivering lamp, in the jolting omnibus, or reclining in a hammock under the shade of the greenwood trees, should be printed in such small characters as to need the clearest of light or the sharpest of eyes, seems, indeed, a curious problem. Why should not books be prized for their good lettering as for their interesting contents? A shilling magazine and a six-shilling novel have surely attained to the dignity of good print, and, if so produced, would be welcomed by the reading public accordingly.

Lace of all kinds, but especially Honiton lace, is having a boom just now. The Queen's fondness for it is well known, and she has always preferred it for the wedding dresses of her daughters. Not so with the generality of ladies. Brussels lace appealed rather to their taste, but with the new patriotic wave that has swept over the country the interest in British lace has been revived. A hundred new pupils have entered themselves at the Earl's Court Exhibition to learn the process, and the art seems catching on among women. It is a pleasant employment, can be indulged in by invalids and promises fair remuneration.

Some women are advocating the use of men's saddles for ladies hunting and general riding. In the East, of course, such a custom is no novelty; even in England women rode like men till Queen Anne, wife of Richard II., introduced side saddles at the end of the fourteenth century. Side saddles combine every disadvantage, except that of looks. They generally give a horse a sore back, they are tiring to use, they are heavier, they cramp and confine the body, they incline growing girls to crookedness, and they are positively dangerous in the hunting field. Yet it is not likely that the prejudices of Englishwomen will ever allow them to ride astride. A divided skirt is in reality a far more decent article of attire than the present modish habit, skimpy, short, tightly cut and tightly gored.

The Story of Our Fleet*

THE latest volume of this invaluable history traces the story of our Navy through its greatest epoch, that of the war with the French Empire, under Napoleon. It does not include the operation of the American War of 1812, which, though contemporary with the other struggle in its latter years, yet, as Mr. Clowes writes, was of fundamentally different origin and character. The work opens with a protest which is much needed in the present state of public feeling against the theory that our surprising success was due to "the superiority of British foresight, strategy, seamanship, tactics, physique, and bravery." It was due, as Mr. Clowes shows, largely to special causes upon which we certainly cannot count in any future war—the inefficiency of the French Navy, owing to its loss of its best officers in the sanguinary excesses of the Revolution, and the peculiar genius of Nelson, who reversed the almost universal rule, even in our naval wars, that victory inclines to the bigger squadrons. To many it will be a revelation to read that "most of our great victories have been gained by superiority of numbers . . . and in engagements to which we have been parties, and in which victory has not inclined to the side of the bigger battalions, we have been almost as often the vanquished as the victors." Have we to-day the bigger squadrons on our side? That is the question which the public must face.

The chapters on the civil history of the Navy have been in past volumes among the most interesting, because they brought home to us what the life of the seaman in the great days of old really was,

*"The Royal Navy. A History." By W. Laird Clowes, assisted by Sir C. Markham, Capt. A. T. Mahan, Mr. H. W. Wilson, Col. T. Roosevelt, &c. Vol. V. (1803-1815). (London: Sampson Low. 1900.)

and this volume contains an admirable though lurid picture of our Naval discipline at the close of the great war, when unquestionably the service was beginning to deteriorate, after the death of Nelson, and the advent to high command of men who lacked his human sympathy. The recollections of a seaman who served from 1805 to 1811 are largely drawn upon, and as they are fully corroborated by contemporary memoirs and ships' logs, they may be accepted as accurate. Says this seaman:—"The extent to which cruelty was carried on under the name of discipline on board many ships during the late war is not generally known; nor will a British public believe that any body of men would submit to such marks of degradation as they were compelled to undergo." And then follows a painful record of savage punishments, inflicted at the whim of the captain, without chance of appeal or redress. Fortunately we have changed all this in our Fleet of to-day.

Not less interesting is the manner in which the gradual deterioration in the Fleet towards the close of the war is traced—its devotion to "spit and polish," and its neglect of gunnery—faults terribly punished in the frigate actions of the American War. Success had led the Navy to believe itself invincible, and had hidden the corruption and maladministration which was, unfortunately, rampant at the Admiralty. Officers lost their prize money through the rascality of agents, the men were left for years without a penny of their pay, and promotion was too often marked by glaring acts of favouritism. This is the reverse side of that other and more splendid picture with which most men are familiar.

The present volume, like its predecessors, is fully indexed. In completeness, accuracy and research it is far ahead of all previous histories, and though no one would claim that it is perfect, it marks a great advance. It is well illustrated with photogravures, portraits, woodcuts and maps, and should be in the hands of all who care to know the true story of the most desperate war we ever waged.



Cherry-coloured silk skirt, pleated half-way down, and trimmed at the hem with a band of velvet in the same tone, edged by two rows of beaver and having motifs of satin appliqué at intervals. The bodice is of cream satin, closely pleated and gathered under a bolero of cherry-coloured velvet matching the skirt. There is a broad collar covered with satin motifs, tiny buttons and oxidised silver ornaments. These motifs are repeated on the sleeves, which have two beaver tails on the shoulders. Louis XV. hat trimmed with cherry velvet and two large black feathers.

SMART TOILETTE FOR A WEDDING



work they have been doing not only in Africa but also in China." Our illustration shows the men of the Queen's Own Sappers and Miners paying the Queen.

Last week the Queen inspected a detachment of troops belonging to the West African Field Force. The men, numbering six Yeoman and six of the Queen's Own Sappers and Miners, under the command of Captain Mackworth, were drawn up on the lawn in front of the Castle. The men held

I met the Queen as she sat in a landau with Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Duchess of York, and Her Majesty then addressed the following words to the men: "I am very pleased to see you here. I am very proud of my Indian Army, and watch with the greatest interest the excellent

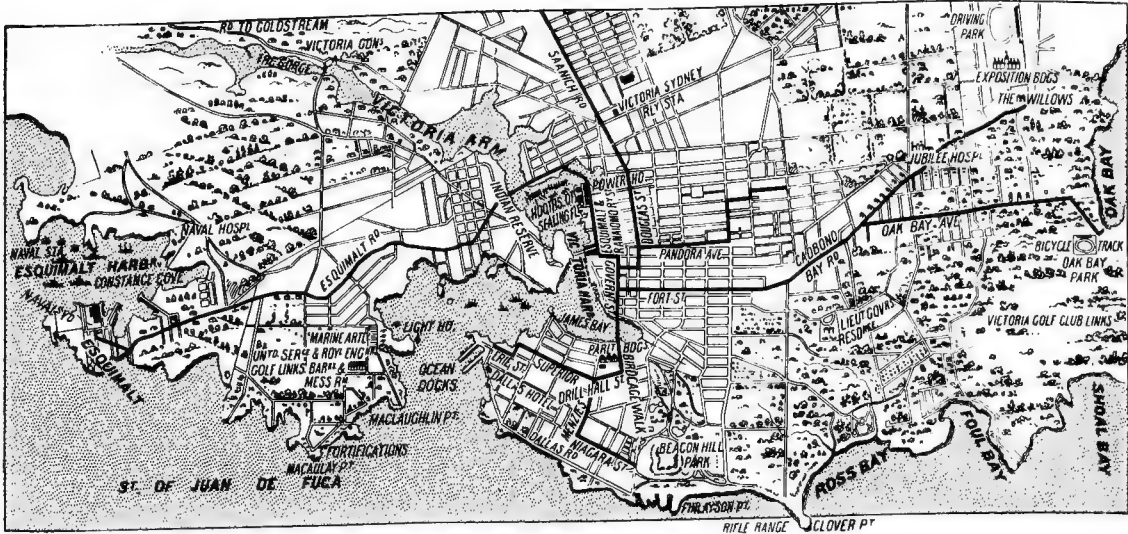
THE QUEEN AND HER SOLDIERS: MEN OF THE WEST AFRICAN FIELD FORCE AT BALMORAL
DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL AND D. MACPHEISON

The North Pacific Naval Station
FROM A CANADIAN CORRESPONDENT

RECENT events give an entirely new importance to both Asiatic and American forts on the Pacific. The war between China and Japan, the advent of American influence consequent on possession of the Philippines and the international concert for the pacification of China, would all seem to indicate the Orient as the next scene of that constant struggle which goes on among the Great Powers. Russia, Japan, and Britain, have not been backward in strengthening their armaments on the Asiatic side of the Pacific; but on the American side, in case of war, the sole defence against attack would be the naval stations, or rather the American and British fleets radiating from these stations. With battleships of the *Iowa's* class guarding the western coast, the United States have little to fear. Canada's position is different. Her protection would be the naval station which patriots are wont to call the Gibraltar of America—Esquimalt on one of the south coves of Vancouver Island.

Esquimalt, the station for the British North Pacific fleet, is situated about three miles south of the city of Victoria on a closed-in harbour of Juan de Fuca Strait. Rocky headlands sweep completely round the harbour, leaving only a narrow entrance, which is guarded by two fortified points, Macaulay Point on one side and Rod Hill on the other. Nearer the city and projecting into the straits is another fortified point; so the guns of the three points could command all approach to either Victoria or the waters leading to the mainland. At its greatest length, from the entrance to Constance Cove, Esquimalt Harbour is not more than two miles, and at its greatest width not a mile. At the innermost end, above Constance Cove, is a finely equipped marine hospital, erected in 1853, during the war with Russia, to receive the wounded from Petropaulovski. Along the Harbour sides, opposite the hospital, are the naval yard, the dry dock, the ordnance stores and repair shops; and farther back the drill fields and the marine artillery and royal engineers' barracks. No wall marks the bounds of the fort. Outside the fence gate is the straggling village of Esquimalt, made up for the most part of people connected with the fleet. The fort is garrisoned by British regulars and the Canadian permanent force, in all never more than 500 men and often less than 300. The harbour is too small for practice work, and this is done 100 miles up the straits of Georgia at Comox.

There are in all at the Esquimalt Station ten ships. Admiral Beaumont's flagship is the *Warspite*, a twin-screw cruiser, first class; the *Pheasant*, a screw gunboat, first class; the *Leander*, a twin-screw cruiser, second class; the *Phaeton*, a twin-screw cruiser, second class; the *Icarus*, a screw sloop, constitute the fleet proper. There are besides two torpedo-boat destroyers, the *Virago* and the *Sparrowhawk*, twin-screws; the *Egeria*, a screw survey vessel, and two torpedo boats. Not one of the ships is of modern



MAP OF VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SHOWING THE NAVAL STATION AT ESQUIMALT

build and up-to-date equipment. Not one can get up the most average sort of speed.

While Esquimalt has the advantages of an exceptionally healthy climate, easy access, a closed-in rocky harbour, depth for vessels of the deepest draught, and coal near at hand, there is the disadvantage that the harbour proper, as distinguished from the outer sea, is so small that two or three modern warships could not turn about in it without knocking one another over. Against this is the argument that dependence is not placed in Esquimalt itself, but in the North Pacific Squadron. And when it is pointed out that the fleet is both weak and obsolete, refuge is taken in two other flimsy arguments—that Hong Kong is only six thousand miles, or eighteen days, away, and that if there were a war among the Great Powers the enemy's fleets would be engaged elsewhere—arguments that testify small faith in the only British naval station of the North Pacific.

In case of an Asiatic war, Esquimalt and the cities which it defends—Victoria and Vancouver—would become the points of departure for the Imperial Army. The Canadian Pacific Railway was first conceived more as an Imperial highway than a colonising venture. Indeed, it is Canada's boast that by the construction of that line she has contributed her share to Imperial defence, and the railroad ever holds itself ready for such a contingency as a war that might require the immediate transportation of troops. By means of the Company's road and steamers, troops crossing the Atlantic in five days could cross the Continent in one

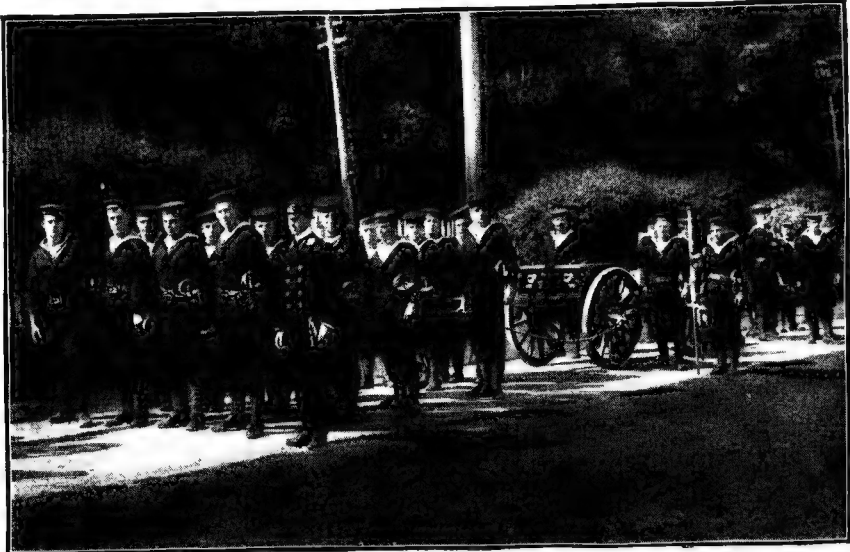
hundred hours and the Pacific ocean in eighteen days. But this arrangement entirely depends on the Straits of Juan de Fuca being kept open; and the present fleet of the North Pacific Squadron is not strong enough to keep the straits open in the face of the fleets owned by any one of the Great Powers now operating in China. In an Asiatic war Hong Kong could not spare defenders for the American side of the Pacific. Drafts would be made on Esquimalt for the Eastern Squadron, just as at present when the *Arethusa* has been transferred from the North Pacific to China.

Every admiral of the northern waters has been impressed with the strategic value of Esquimalt as a naval basis for operations on the Pacific. Admiral Mayne, in 1862, declared that, with its easy access, narrow entrance, deep draught, safe anchorage, and expansive outer waters for manœuvring, Esquimalt could be made an almost impregnable stronghold. H.M.S. *Inconstant*, in 1849, was one of the first to put in this harbour, and early in the fifties other vessels made prolonged stay. The *Satellite* was there in 1857 in connection with the boundary commission, and, after the war with Russia, Esquimalt had become one of the Naval stations.

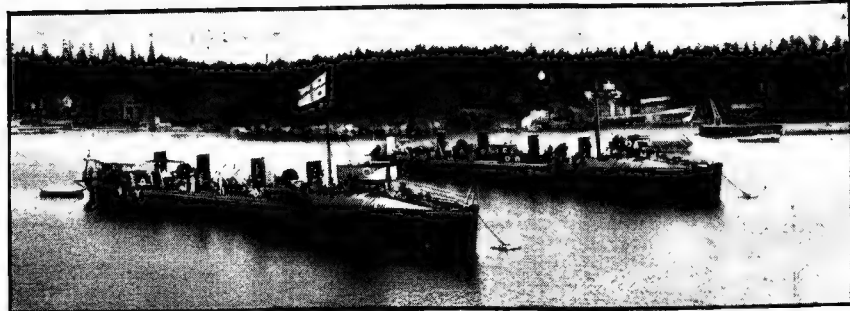
The cost of construction has been borne by both the Mother Country and the Colony, but unless the fleet is strengthened to rank with the naval stations of Japan, Russia, and the United States, the rendezvous of the North Pacific must be regarded as a farce—not a naval station, but a repair shop for the lame ducks of the Pacific.



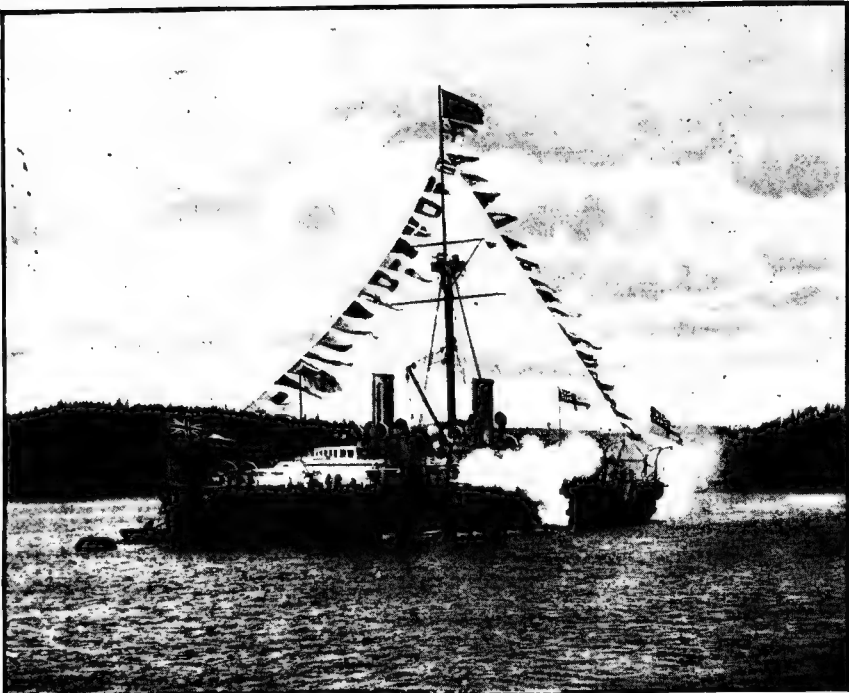
WARSHIPS IN ESQUIMALT HARBOUR



A GUN DETACHMENT FROM H.M.S. "WARSPITE"



THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS "VIRAGO" AND "SPARROWHAWK"

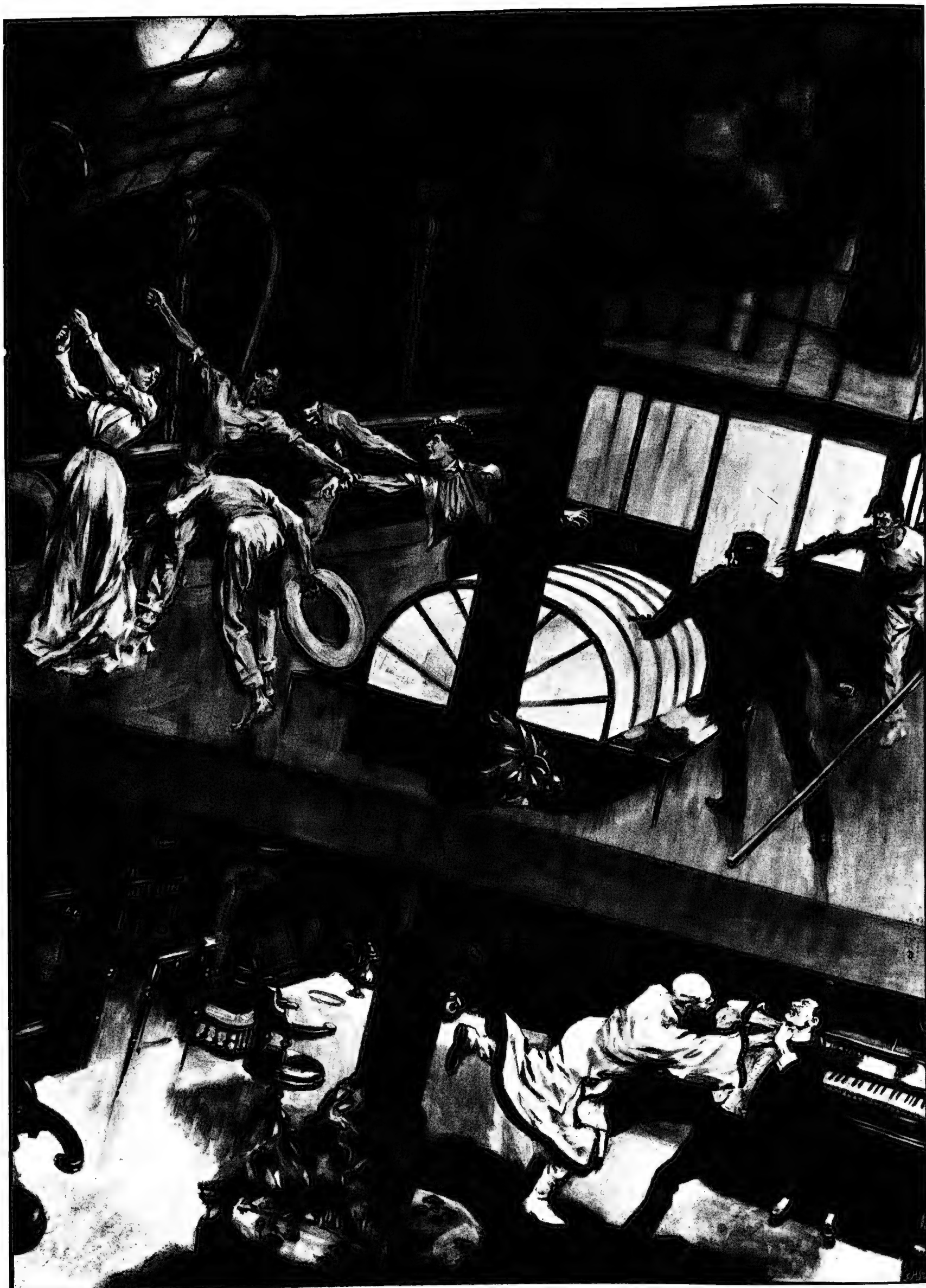


H.M.S. "WARSPITE," ADMIRAL BEAUMONT'S FLAGSHIP



ADMIRAL BEAUMONT RETURNING THE SALUTE OF THE DETACHMENT ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY

SWORD OF HONOUR PRESENTED TO COLONEL R. G. KEKEWICH

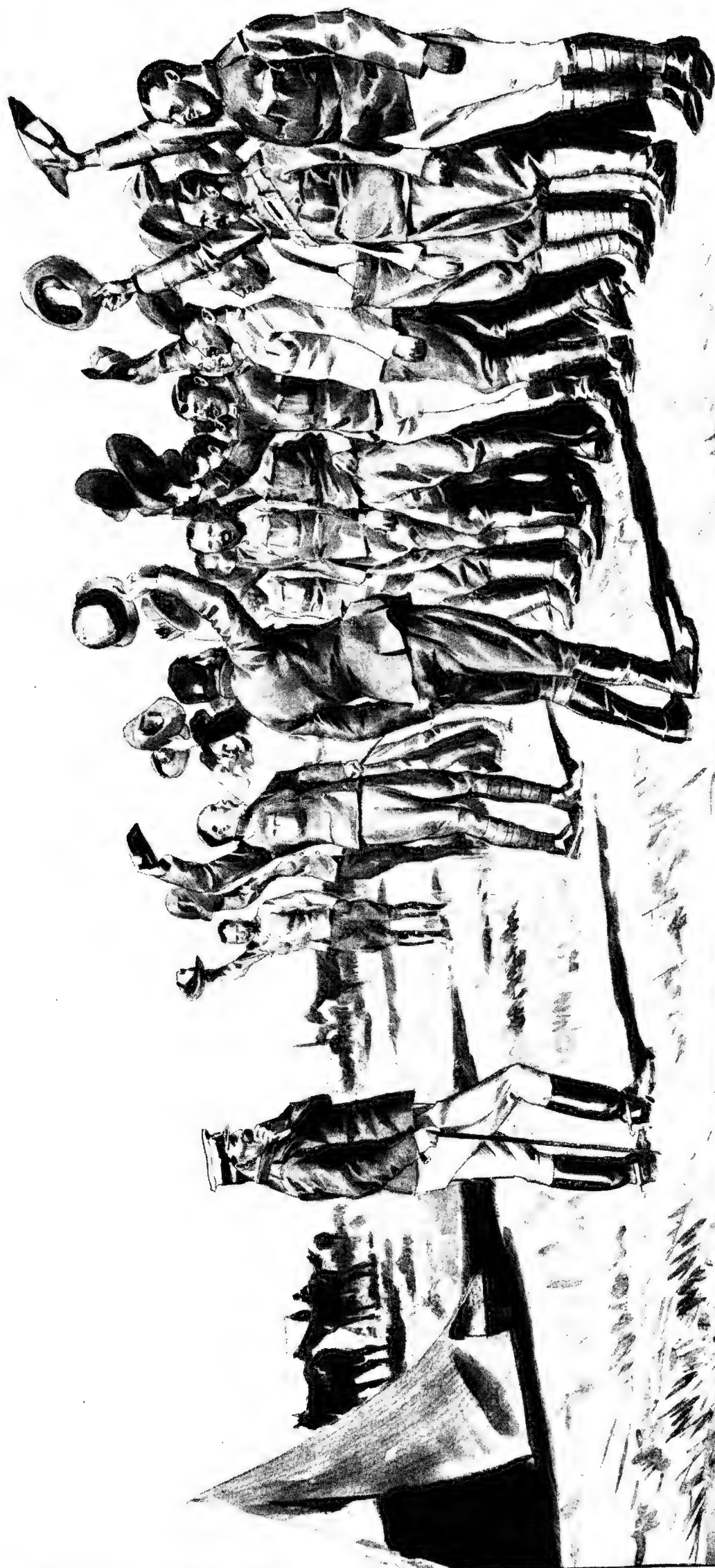


In Act IV. of *The Price of Peace*, the new drama at Drury Lane, in one of the scenes a section of the steam yacht *Marigold* is shown, with the vessel in collision—thus two separate scenes are presented

simultaneously. On deck we see the Baroness and her maid climb the rat lines, while below, in the saloon, the Chinese servant, Toni Sin, strangles Marcus Benton, the villain of the piece

THE NEW DRURY LANE DRAMA: "THE PRICE OF PEACE"

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON



C. E. FRIPP.
PRETORIA.

This was not a formal inspection but a visit made by the General in order to express his high opinion of this corps of irregular horse, a small body of which had recently attacked and seized a position held by a superior number of Boers. The Imperial Light Horse lost on that occasion no fewer than seven out of the thirty-five men engaged, and being left for some reason unsupported had to retire from the position they had so gallantly won.

A VISIT OF CONGRATULATION: GENERAL FRIPP BEING CHEERED BY THE IMPERIAL LIGHT HORSE

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.

The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

"THE PRICE OF PEACE"

ALL the recognised conditions of a successful autumn drama at DRURY LANE being fulfilled in Mr. Cecil Raleigh's new play there can be little ground for doubt that *The Price of Peace* is destined to occupy the bill of the historical playhouse, and carry the management of Mr. Arthur Collins prosperously onward to the brink of the Christmas pantomime season. It is true that the climax of the sensational business makes very large demands on the faith of the sober-minded spectator. Realism is doubtless a good thing in its way; it is certainly a thing that is largely in demand on the stage in these times. But when a fashionable wedding in Westminster Abbey and a crowded debate in the House of Commons are presented with such completeness of detail that the things themselves could hardly excel these remarkable examples of stage illusion, there must needs be some feeling of incongruity when they are made to lead up to incidents of the most extravagant and improbable kind. Realism indeed! What are we to say to a drama, professing to deal with English life in these days, wherein an English Prime Minister, having discovered that some important State secrets have been betrayed to a Russian diplomatist, coolly invites the latter astute personage to step into the Minister's library and then and there shoots him dead, in the presence of two other members of the noble assassin's Cabinet? But Mr. Raleigh's Earl of Derwent does more than this. The two obliging members of his lordship's Ministry are careful, by some means or other, to hush the little matter up; but the Premier disdains such paltry subterfuges. So far from being ashamed of his criminal act, his bosom swells with satisfaction at the thought that it was "the price of peace," because the cunning Russian, had he lived, would inevitably have divulged the State secrets and thus brought about a war. Nay, more; the excitable Minister rises in his place on the right of the Speaker's chair, and having made public avowal of his guilty deed is in the act of justifying it on high patriotic grounds when he drops on the floor of the House, stricken with death, like the great Earl of Chatham in Copley's picture.

Yet it must be confessed that the romantic and sentimental interest is somewhat overshadowed by these violent proceedings. This concerns the love of the Prime Minister's daughter, Lady Kathleen Rossmagh, a hospital nurse, for Archie Mackenzie, and her persistent efforts to track down a scoundrel who, having caused the ruin of one of her poor patients in the hospital ward, has left his victim's family to starve. Lady Kathleen is unfortunately infected with that curious tendency to believe slanders about her betrothed which is characteristic of heroines of romantic drama. Unaware of the fact that Marcus Benton, M.P., and Leader of the Opposition in Parliament, is the scoundrel she is in search of, Lady Kathleen puts such faith in the accusations brought by this man against her honest lover that she denounces him in the very midst of the wedding ceremony in the Abbey, and having thus broken off the marriage coolly transfers her affections to the unworthy rival. Worse still, she actually hands over to this sinister intriguer the secret document which her distinguished father has unwisely entrusted to her keeping, and is thus the indirect cause of the assassination of the Russian diplomatist. But in romantic drama all's well that end's well. With the aid of the final yacht scene and shipwreck, the story is eventually brought to a dénouement which will doubtless give great satisfaction throughout the autumn season to the patrons of DRURY LANE. The company is a strong one and the acting in many instances is deserving of high praise. Mr. Henry Neville's dark abstracted guise imparted to the portrait of the Earl of Derwent a certain lateful air which was effective, and Miss Lettice Fairfax won some sympathy for Lady Kathleen, in spite of that heroine's sad lack of common sense and firmness of character. Mr. Cooper Cliffe, moreover, kept the villain Benton very effectively within moderate bounds, and Mr. Ernest Lawford made as much as the author has permitted him to make of the young hero, Archie. Comic "relief," as it is called, is furnished in due abundance by Mr. Emney and Miss Mary Brough as an illiterate M.P. and his wife; while the part of a South American baroness, though but loosely associated with the story, is played in a pleasant vein of humour and with a subtle feeling for character by Mrs. Raleigh.

The extensive reconstruction of COVENT GARDEN Theatre, now in active progress, will cost a sum of twenty thousand pounds. The present house was rebuilt soon after the burning down of the old house in 1856, and its stage machinery and appliances had become decidedly antiquated and inefficient.



Count Ostadini discovered stealing a despatch



James Vine cursing his enemy on his deathbed in the Accident Ward at St. Thomas's Hospital



Lord Derwent falling dead in the middle of a speech in the House of Commons

SCENES IN THE NEW DRURY LANE DRAMA, "THE PRICE OF PEACE"



Rev. J. T. Job Archdruid (Crown Bard) (Hwfa Mon) Cadvan (Deputy Gorsedd Bard)

The Royal Welsh National Eisteddfod was opened under the presidency of Lord Mostyn at Liverpool last week. At the commencement of the proceedings the Lord Mayor (Mr. L. S. Cohen) and the Lady Mayoress were invested as orators, the bardic titles bestowed upon them being respectively Cohenydd and Mai Cohen. Cadvan, the deputy Gorsedd bard, delivered the introductory speech, in which he introduced the Lord Mayor to the audience "for the first time under his bardic cognomen of Cohenydd, Arglwydd Fair, Lerpwl." The chief feature of the second day's proceedings was the crowning of the bard. A prize of 25l. and a gold crown were awarded for a poem by the Rev. John T. Job, Calvinistic Methodist Minister of Bethesda, and formerly of Aberdare. Our photograph, which is by W. Tansley, shows the Crown Bard after putting on his robes, on the Stone beside the Archdruid and Cadvan.

THE WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD AT LIVERPOOL: THE CROWN BARD ON THE STONE

"SELF AND LADY"

The new three-act farce, entitled *Self and Lady*, at the VAUDEVILLE has attracted some attention from the fact that it is the work of a French dramatist of some reputation, whose piece is first given to the world in this English form. M. Pierre Decourcelle's successes, however, have been hitherto chiefly won in melodrama, and this effort in a new field is little more than a redressing of such familiar ingredients as the bickerings, flirtations, and escapades of husbands and wives, embarrassing encounters at restaurants, and so forth. The VAUDEVILLE company, which includes such competent performers as Mr. Seymour Hicks, Miss Ellaline Terris, Miss Fanny Brough, Mr. Herbert Standing, Mr. Cosmo Stuart, and Miss Emily Miller, did their best with the materials at their command, but *Self and Lady* cannot be said to be even a favourable example of the now too familiar class of pieces to which it belongs.

The Army having received due honours at the ALHAMBRA in the shape of the brilliant ballet entitled *The Soldiers of the Queen*, it was but fair that the Royal Navy should in due time enjoy on the ALHAMBRA stage an equally prominent position. *The Handy Man*, a nautical and musical ballet invented by Mr. Charles Wilson and produced this week at this popular theatre of varieties, is a very picturesque and a more than usually elaborate piece of its kind.

Auld Lang Syne, the new romantic drama by Messrs. Hicks and Latham, with which Mr. William Mollison is preparing to reopen the LYCEUM Theatre on Saturday, October 6, will be reproduced in New York about a month later by Mr. Litt, for whom it is said that the character of Haylett Bird, the penitent scapegrace, to be played here by Mr. Mollison, was originally intended. Other parts will be played at the LYCEUM by Miss Lily Hanbury, Mr. Leonard Boyne, Mr. Abingdon, Miss Fanny Brough, and Mr. J. H. Barnes. The earlier scenes of the play deal, as already noted, with incidents of the war in South Africa.

The success of the recent revivals of standard English comedies at the HAYMARKET has naturally suggested further ventures of a like kind. Miss Winifred Emery will probably be seen as Peg Woffington in *Masks and Faces*, with her husband, Mr. Cyril Maude, as Triplet. There is also a probability of seeing at the HAYMARKET *The Road to Ruin*, *The Heir-at-Law*, *The Clandestine Marriage*, and *The Country Girl*.

The Court

NUMEROUS changes have taken place in the Royal party at Balmoral. The Duke and Duchess of York have gone away on a round of visits, Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia have left for Frogmore to spend a few days with the Princess's sister, Princess Louise of Battenberg, before returning to Germany, and in their stead have come the Duke and Duchess of Connaught from the Tyrol, and Princess Christian with her two daughters from their yachting cruise. The Princesses had lovely weather during their three weeks' trip along the West Coast of Scotland, and closed their voyage at Greenock, whence they travelled across the country to Balmoral. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will stay a week or two with the Queen before returning to Ireland for the Duke to resume his official duties, and will then take back Princesses Margaret and Patricia, who have been staying with Her Majesty during their parents' absence abroad. Official guests have also been plentiful. The Earl of Hopetoun spent two days at the Castle to take leave on his departure for Australia, and then formally resigned his office as Lord Chamberlain before kissing hands on his appointment as the first Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia. In honour of the event the Queen invested the Earl with the Order of the Thistle, and gave a large dinner-party in the evening.

The Prince of Wales stopped on his way to Balmoral to spend a few days with Mr. Arthur Sassoon at Tulchan Lodge, Elgin. He will stay about a fortnight in the Highlands, and is expected shortly at Mar Lodge, where the Duchess of Fife is having excellent luck in her salmon fishing. The Princess of Wales continues at Fredensborg with the Danish Royal Family.

The warmest enthusiasm is shown in the Australian Colonies at the prospect of the coming Royal visit. New Zealand is especially delighted that she is to be included in the trip, and the Legislature has sent a grateful address to the Queen. Similar expressions of gratitude come from the various Australian Colonies, and there is no doubt of the right Royal welcome awaiting the Duke and Duchess of York. The opening of the new Federal Parliament at Melbourne is not likely to take place before March or April, so that the Duke and Duchess will not leave England until well into the New Year. The Duchess has been staying with Lord and Lady Tweeddale at Yester. Her visit was ushered in by rather an awkward accident. On arriving at Haddington the Duchess drove off with her host and hostess in a carriage and four, and before they had gone far one of the wheelers fell and was dragged some distance. Happily the other horses were soon quieted, the fallen animal was got on its legs and no further harm occurred. The Duchess spent one day in Edinburgh, when she lunched at Holyrood and inspected the various sights of the city. Yester House is most beautifully situated near the foot of the Lammermoor Hills in East Lothian. Although the present house is modern it lies close by the interesting ruins of the old family feudal home, called Wizards Castle. Sir Walter Scott refers to it in the "Host's Tale" in "Marmion," and the "Goblin Hall" which he describes still exists, reached by an old flight of steps in the castle courtyard.

The Saxe-Coburg Court is settling down to the new order of things. The Dowager-Duchess Marie is arranging her separate establishment, and will live either at the Edinburgh Palace, in Coburg, or at Castle Rosenau, the family seat a few miles away. The Ehrenburg Castle will be the official residence of the Prince Regent and his wife, the Hereditary Princess of Hohenlohe, daughter to the Duchess Marie. Meanwhile the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg and his mother, the Duchess of Albany, are coming to Castle Rosenau on a visit before Duke Charles Edward goes back to his studies at Potsdam.

The Crisis in China

By CHARLES LOWE

DURING the past week the main interest in the Chinese crisis has been centred in the attitude of the Powers to the circular of the German Government, demanding the delivery of the instigators of the "Boxer" riots on the Legations at Peking as a condition precedent to peace negotiations; and it appears that the reply of one of those Powers is rather negative kind. That Power is the United States of America, which has all through the crisis shown a tendency to reserve and restriction. It is felt, in fact, at Washington, as well as

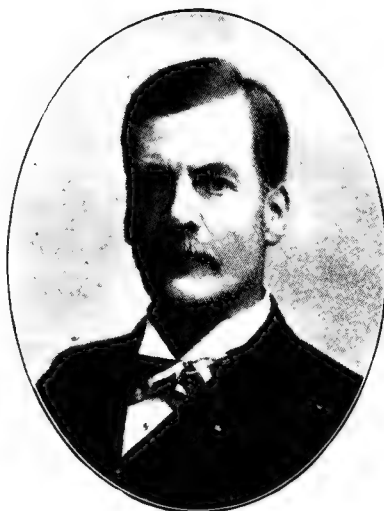
at Berlin, that, in view of the situation in the Philippines and the Presidential election in the United States, the Chinese question is but of secondary importance in the United States, and that the Government is not likely to do anything to strengthen the hands of the anti-Imperialists. Moreover, American statesmen have always been great sticklers for the doctrines of international law, which has nowhere produced more acute and authoritative writers than on the other side of the Atlantic; and it would appear that the United States Government is loath to recognise the principle of any country being called upon to surrender its citizens to foreign Powers for punishment. With regard to China, Germany—otherwise also a considerable stickler for international treaties and usages—seems inclined to apply the maxim, *Quod licet Jovi non licet* *barbaris*, but America's reply to her proposal amounts to a distinct refusal, though considerably couched in language of delicate indirectness. It holds that the righteous punishment demanded by the Kaiser is essentially a condition to be negotiated in the final settlement, but suggests that no punitive measures would be so effective as degradation and chastisement by the Imperial authority itself. Possibly Germany might even be content with this form of satisfaction, if she could only be sure that the heads of the proper malefactors would be struck off; but it is well known that the Chinese are masters at the art of substituting the innocent for the guilty, as in the drama of *All for Her*. In any case, no great anxiety is felt in Berlin at the negative attitude of America with regard to the Kaiser's demand, for even France gave a favourable reply without waiting to take her cue from Russia—an act of robust independence for which the Republic is entitled to all recognition—while both Russia and Japan have accepted the principle of the German Note, the latter, it is said, in very positive language.

Count Waldersee

At the same time the Government of Washington has signified its intention of reducing its military contingent in China to a strong guard, strong enough to ensure the safety of its Legation in the event of a recurrence of rioting, or the safe withdrawal of its Minister to Tientsin or elsewhere. The American troops, therefore, will not co-operate in an offensive campaign with the German troops under Count Waldersee. At Wosung and Shanghai the Field-Marshal was received by every mark of respect for his military rank by the International troops, and at the former place he was conducted to the German Consulate General by a mounted escort of British troops. As the representative of "the mailed fist," the Field-Marshal, on his way to the front, has been outrun by Li Hung Chang, the plenipotentiary apostle of peace, with whom Sheng Taitai, as well as Prince Ching, would now appear to have been associated as negotiators, though the changing Imperial edicts on this head follow one another so quickly that it is impossible to at present detail the *personnel* of the Peace Board. The Government of Washington accepts Li Hung Chang and Prince Ching as plenipotentiaries, and has notified that Mr. Conger will be authorised to enter into relations with them—Mr. Conger, who does not seem to be altogether in harmony with the views of his Government, seeing he is of opinion that Peking must be occupied by the foreign troops until some settlement is effected, otherwise all the value of the expedition of the Allies will be lost. Mr. Conger's view appears to be fortified by the statement of Mr. Goodnow, the American Consul at Shanghai, who estimates that between 40,000 and 50,000 native Christians have been massacred during the Boxer disturbance for refusing to recant.

Li Hung Chang

In the meanwhile Li Hung Chang has made a pretence of declaring something like a war of extermination against the Boxers, threatening them with annihilation unless they resume their peaceful occupations, though there does not appear to be perfect communication between him and the Imperial Court, which has now definitely been removed to Sian-Fu, which lies, says an Imperial edict, "beyond the reach of the foreign Powers." The same decree naively complains of a want of money, and asks for supplies from the Viceroy, though compliance in this very natural demand is not unattended with difficulty and even danger. One deputy, for example, who was sent by the Governor of Soochow with 100,000 taels for the Empress-Dowager, returned completely stripped, having been robbed both of his money and baggage by the "Boxers" on the borders of Shantung and Chi-li. No wonder, therefore, that the Acting-Governor of Pao-tung-fu, in a proclamation announcing the coming of Li Hung Chang, declared: "You must suppress the Boxers, and arrest and denounce all officials who have left their posts in any of the towns of this province. . . . Li Hung Chang will arrange everything and cause hostilities to cease. All the foreign nations have ceased to fight"—an unfortunate statement in view of the fact that the troops of, at least, four of those nations—Russia, Germany, Austria, and Japan—were about the same time—20th inst.—bombarding and battering to pieces the Pei-tang forts, to the north of Taku; and yet the fiction continues



SIR E. MASON SATOW
Our New Minister to China



THE LATE MARSHAL CAMPOS
The Spanish "King-Maker"



THE EARL OF CLARENDON
The New Lord Chamberlain

to be kept up that there is no regular state of war between China and its invaders. The attack on the Pei-tang forts was successfully carried out by an International force of over 6,000 men, to which the Germans are said to have contributed 4,000, while the British and Italians, who had also decided to join in the assault, failed to arrive in time. The spirit of international emulation in China has rendered swift marching more than ever necessary. The bombardment was begun at daybreak, and on the Chinese fire slackening soon after ten o'clock it was discovered that the forts had been evacuated by their defenders, who, like the Boers, managed to get clear away, leaving only four dead bodies in the works—no great proof of destructiveness of the Allied fire. On the other hand the Allies suffered much more severely, mainly from the explosion of mines. The Russian Vice-Admiral Alexeieff (who will soon enjoy the benefit of the counsels of Admiral Seymour, now returned to Taku) commanded, he says, at Pei-tang the attacking force of "Russians, French and German troops," but he makes no mention of the Japanese.

The capture of these forts will have the effect of adding further security to the line of the Allied communications between Taku and Peking; and otherwise the military situation is now more favourable than before to the foreigners. Later details show that the Germans exhibited their usual *Gründlichkeit*, or thoroughness, in their attack on Liang-hsiang-hsien, on the railway, about twenty miles south-west of Peking, and, at the cost of one killed and three "slightly wounded," they claim to have slaughtered 380 of the enemy as well as burnt down the town. "No quarter was given," said another account, and 500 Chinese were killed. The Germans, who numbered 1,700, received material assistance from a small party of Bengal Lancers with a Maxim, under Captain Griffin. During the fighting in the streets of the town Captain Griffin was attacked by six Chinese, and was gallantly rescued by Bugler Ali Sher Khan, who killed two of his assailants. About the same time the U.S. General, Wilson, with 800 American and 600 British troops and six guns, made a night march on and surprised the Boxers in their headquarters at Patachu, the well-known Eight Temples, twelve miles west of Peking, which they captured, the enemy losing about fifty men—to the Allies' *nil*. In fact, in what may be called the present campaign, the Chinese—whether Boxers or Regulars—have shown themselves as poor fighters as they proved in the war with Japan. Everywhere for the Allies it has been little else than a walk over; and it is difficult to see how in the end the Chinese can refuse anything that is asked of them by the Powers, with whose military and naval resources they have proved themselves quite incapable of coping. It is announced, but without, as yet, any official confirmation, that Prince Tuan, the greatest criminal of the Imperial clique, has been appointed to high office, which would be a characteristic bit of Chinese insolence and defiance.

The War in South Africa

WITH the arrival of Pole-Carew's Brigade of Guards at Komati Poort, and the "interning" of nearly 3,000 Boers at Delagoa Bay, it may now be said that the time has at last really come for the proclamation of the Queen's peace throughout all South Africa, and for the official termination of the war. Our bulletins for the last week have formed an unbroken record of unopposed advance, with captures of immense quantities of live stock and stores, with ever-increasing disintegration and demoralisation on the part of the Boers—whose fugitive chief, however, calmly continued to "smoke" on the Portuguese Governor's stoep before admiring crowds "at the Dutch Reuben point, Lourenço Marques, pending the arrival of the Dutch war-cruiser *Gelderland*, which should carry him to Europe on his six months' leave of absence. Mr. Kruger's object in visiting Europe, as explained by his *locum-tenens*, Schalk Burger, is "for the purpose of fostering our cause there;" but it is now recognised by all Europe, and even by the Boers themselves, that this cause is now as hopelessly lost as was that of King George V. of Hanover, when, after the war of 1866, he retired to Gmunden. The Transvaal Republic has now absolutely ceased to exist, and all that remains to be done is to organise the administration of the British Colony which is to take its place, and to police it into peace and order. There is now nothing left of the Boer army but a few marauding bands," wrote Lord Roberts, on the 19th inst., before his return to Pretoria, after what might be regarded as the accomplishment of his military task; and even some of those predatory bodies, the residue of the 50,000 Boers or so who originally took the field against us, have now been exploded like the "Long Toms" and other guns which Botha and Viljoen blew up rather than allow them to fall into our possession. But our hands of late have otherwise been full enough of all other kinds of booty. Near Bronkhorstfontein Rundle captured one gun and over forty waggons, while, at the same time, Kelly-Kenny

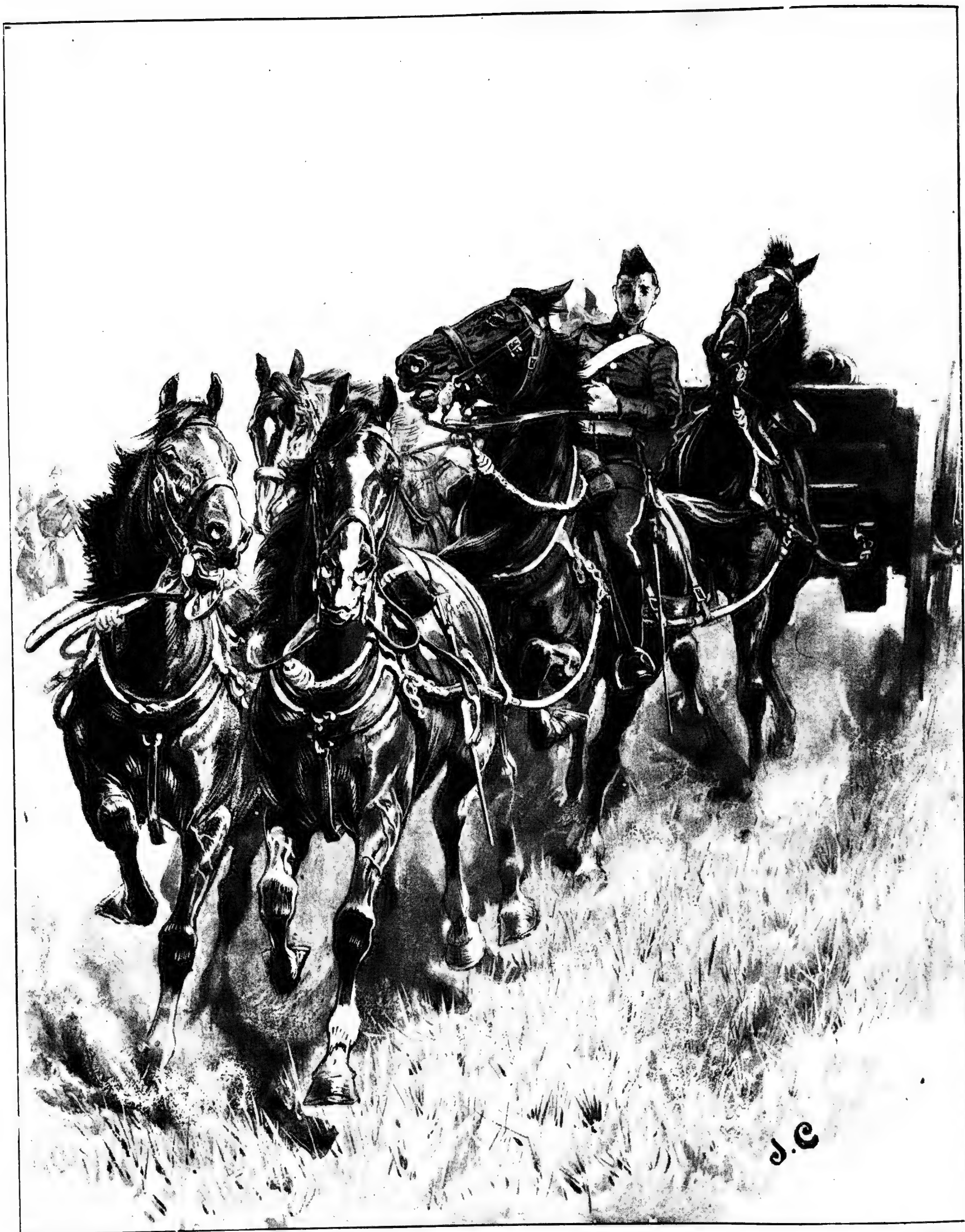
reported that there was "now no organised opposition in the south of the Orange River Colony," and Methuen, in his part of what used to be the seat of war, made a couple of hauls which included one of our fifteen-pounders lost at Colenso, nearly 15,000 head of sheep and cattle, 20,000 cart-ridges, and 28 prisoners, eight of whom belonged to the Staats Artillery. Paget, too, effected a very clever surprise capture of Erasmus's camp—making a forced night march of twenty-six miles to do so, the booty falling to him including over 8,000 head of cattle and sheep and 50 horses with prisoners, arms, waggons, and ammunition; while Plumer had also cut into the absent column of Erasmus and deprived it of another couple of thousand head of sheep and cattle. At Kapmuiden Pole-Carew found that the fleeing Boers had destroyed nineteen engines, but he reached Komati Poort in time to capture "a very large amount of rolling stock and locomotives, with some truck-loads of 'Long Tom' ammunition, while the railway bridge was happily found to be intact, though it had been prepared for destruction." The whole Boer defence, as it was from the first infallibly bound to do, has now ended in a *débâcle* as complete in its minor way as that of Sedan. No wonder, as remarked by a correspondent at Lourenço Marques, that "the Boers here look in a desperate condition. They are ragged, unkempt, and gaunt, and glad that the war, as far as they are concerned, is over. They were evidently kept in ignorance of the real progress of the war and the recent British advances, and were informed that foreign intervention was assured." It is now perfectly clear that Mr. Kruger's departure from the land he had misruled was the signal for the bulk of his supporters who still remained under arms to throw up the sponge, and their desire to have done with the hopeless struggle so soon as their leader had deserted them appears to have been assisted by the friendly offices of the Portuguese authorities at Lourenço Marques, who atoned for their earlier remissness in the matter of letting in warlike stores for the Boers by co-operating with the British to make surrender easy. We shall probably soon hear of Viljoen, Botha and Steyn seeking similar safety at Lourenço Marques.

Our Portraits

MARSHAL MARTINEZ CAMPOS, the famous Spanish soldier and statesman, who died at Zarauz last week in his sixty-sixth year, was the son of a general, and entered the army at an early age. He fought in Morocco in 1859, and in 1864 he served in Cuba, remaining there six years and winning his colonelcy. In 1870 he was made a Brigadier-General, and fought with distinction in the Carlist War. After the abdication of King Amadeo he refused to adhere to the new *régime*. He was imprisoned as a conspirator, but was afterwards released on his asking to be allowed to fight against the Carlists as a private soldier. He rejoined the army as a General of Division, and was the hero of a brilliant campaign. Returning to Madrid, he was instrumental in bringing about the return of the Monarchy. The new Government made him Commander-in-Chief. In March, 1876, he inflicted a crushing defeat on Don Carlos and pacified the North. From that time he became the most powerful man in Spain. Except for another campaign in Morocco and a voyage to Cuba, where he tried ineffectually to save the island to Spain, the remainder of his life was passed in politics. He was several times Premier and Minister of War, and served for some years as President of the Senate.

The Queen has been pleased to approve the appointment of the Earl of Clarendon to be Lord Chamberlain, in the room of the Earl of Hopetoun, who becomes the first Governor-General of Australia. The new Lord Chamberlain, the fifth Earl of Clarendon, was born in 1846. He was educated at Harrow, and Trinity College, Cambridge, and succeeded his father in 1870. He married, in 1876, Caroline, eldest daughter of the third Earl of Normanton. Lord Clarendon was Aide-de-Camp to the Queen in 1897. He has been Lord-Lieutenant of Hertfordshire since 1892, and is Honorary Colonel and Lieut.-Colonel of the Hertfordshire Yeomanry Cavalry. In 1868 he contested the seat for the South Division of Warwickshire, and sat in the House of Commons as member for Brecon in 1869-70. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

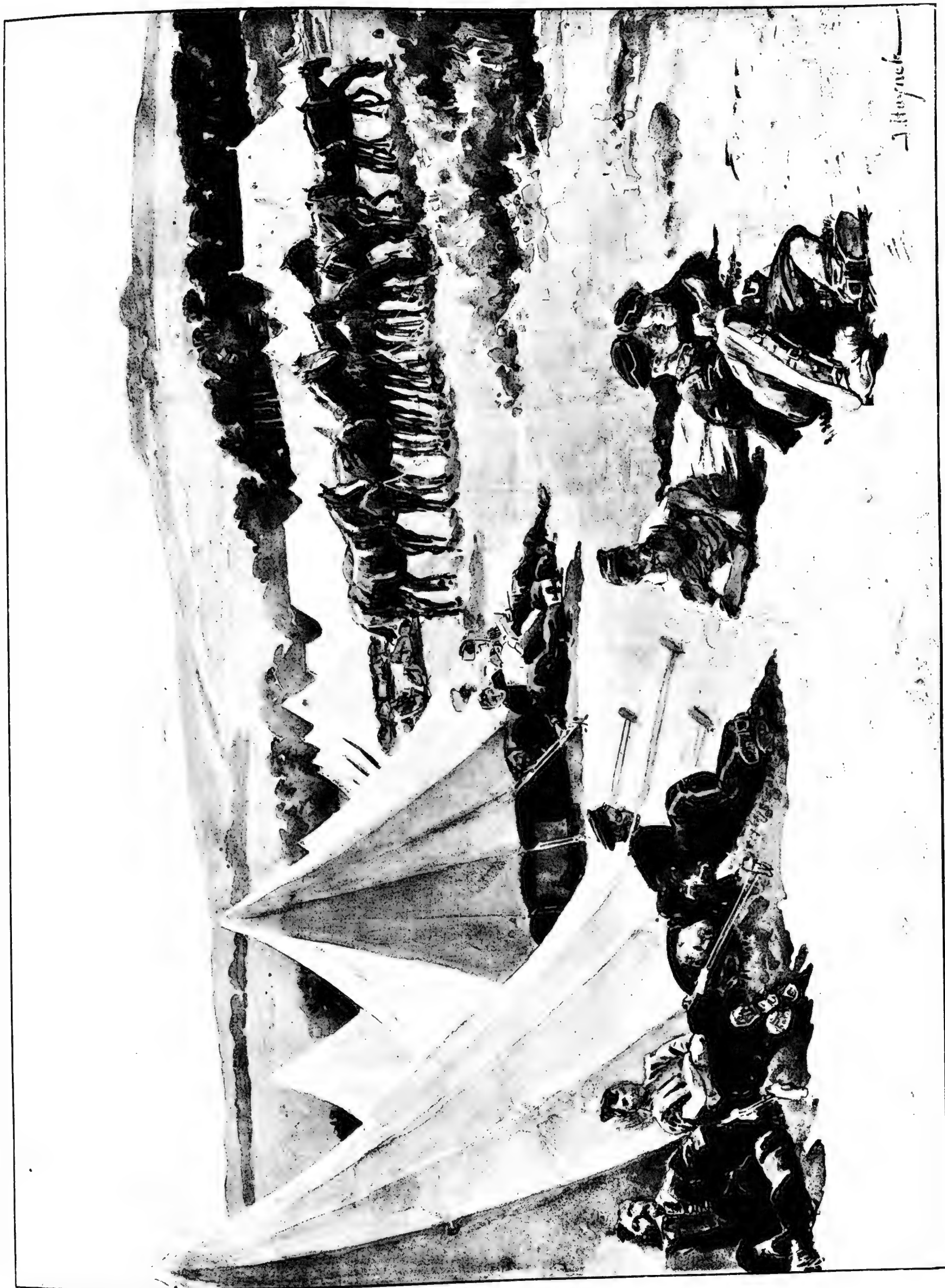
Sir Ernest Mason Satow, K.C.M.G., our new Minister at Peking, is the son of Mr. H. D. C. Satow, and was born in 1843. He is a B.A. of London University, and was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1887. He was appointed a student interpreter in Japan in 1861, and two years later accompanied Colonel Neave, Her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires, and was present on board H.M.S. *Argus* at the action of Ragosima. In September, 1864, he acted as interpreter to Admiral Kuper at the bombardment of Shimonsaki. Mr. Satow—as he then was—was given the local rank of Second Secretary to the Legation at Yedo in 1876, and was made General at Bangkok in 1884, and in the following year was made Minister Resident and Consul-General. He was transferred to Monte Video in 1888, and five years later was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Emperor of Morocco. In 1895 he was created a K.C.M.G. In June, 1895, Sir Ernest was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Emperor of Japan, and also Consul-General in the Empire of Japan, with his residence at Tokio. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



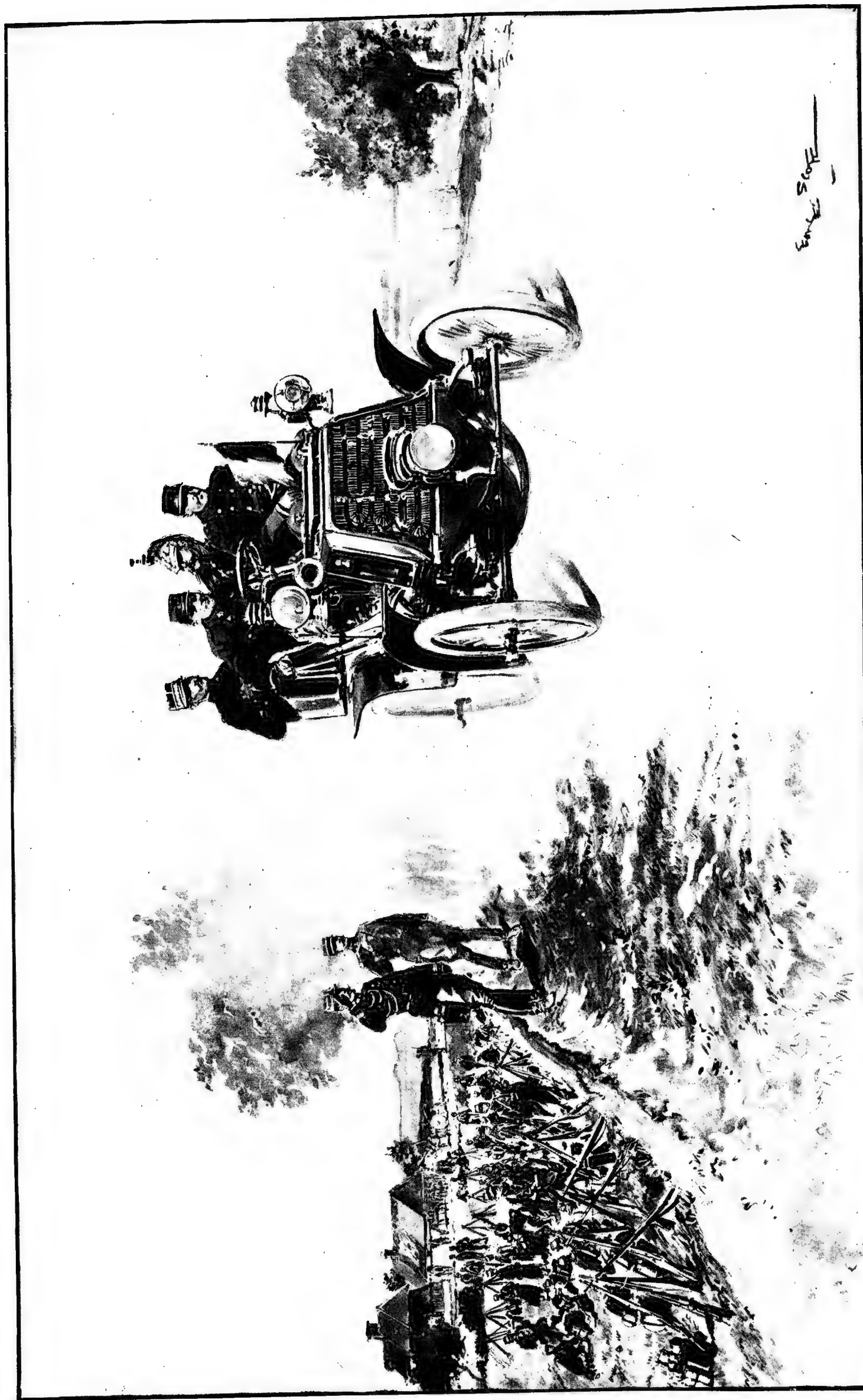
The gunners of a battery were supposed to have been shot down, and only one man could be spared to bring a gun out of action. He managed his task with great skill. The six horses in the driver's well-trained hand trotted off at a good round pace, and brought the gun out of action without any mishap.

THE MANŒUVRES ON SALISBURY PLAIN: A SEVERE TEST OF SKILL IN DRIVING

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



EASE AFTER TOIL: AT THE END OF A DAY'S WORK IN THE MANŒUVRES ON SALISBURY PLAIN
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY J. HOXNICK



George Scott

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT
Evidence of the extent to which the automobile fever has spread in France was furnished at the manoeuvres, when generals were to be seen constantly careering about in their motor cars at a rate that would rival an express. Saluting in such circumstances was almost impossible for the occupants of the cars

AT THE FRENCH ARMY MANOEUVRES: FORTY MILES AN HOUR

“Through the First Antarctic Night”

MANY are the expeditions that have sailed to and explored the Arctic regions, and numerous are the books that have been written concerning them. It would seem now that the Antarctic world is to have its turn. After the return of Sir James Ross, in 1843, interest in the Antarctic waned somewhat, but of late years it has considerably revived. Almost simultaneously efforts to fit out expeditions were made in England, Germany, Belgium, and the United States, and the first country to complete its outfit was Belgium.

The originator of the Belgian Antarctic Expedition was Lieutenant Adrien de Gerlache, who, by strenuous efforts, succeeded in collecting sufficient money to fit out the enterprise. The vessel selected for the mission was a Norwegian sealer, the *Patria*, which was rechristened the *Belgica*. She was a strongly built barque, of about two hundred and fifty tons, built some ten years ago. “She proved herself,” says Dr. Cook, “a craft of extraordinary endurance, withstanding the thumps of rocks, iceberg collisions, and pressure in the pack-ice, in a manner perfectly marvellous.” The story that Dr. Cook has to tell is one of absorbing interest, his descriptions of the Antarctic scenery, of these vast fields of ice, and of the glorious colours reflected from the skies, are most vivid and picturesque, whilst he brings powerfully to our minds the utter wearisomeness and depression of spirit consequent upon the want of sunlight during the long Antarctic night.

The expedition, consisting of a crew of nineteen, including officers, left Antwerp at the end of August, 1897, proceeding by way of Rio de Janeiro and Montevideo into the Magellan Straits, and thus to Punta Arenas. After spending some time in the Fuegian channels and among the Cape Horn Indians, they took their departure from the known world at Staten Island on January 13, 1898. Early in the voyage many valuable discoveries were made. In February, Dr. Cook writes:—

In the past few weeks we have been remarkably successful in discovering new regions. Without encountering any serious difficulty we have passed through a new highway from Bransfield Strait, two hundred miles south westerly, through an unknown land to the Pacific, which has been given the name “*Detroit de la Belgica*.” This highway is perfectly free in summer for ordinary navigation. . . . To the west of Belgica Strait there are four large mountainous islands (Liège, Brabant, Grand, and Anvers Islands). These islands are probably guarded seaward by a great number of smaller islands. Over this group we have written the American name, Palmer Archipelago, in justice to the young Yankee sealer, Nathaniel Palmer, who, first of all men, saw the outer line of this still unknown coast. The various islands, mountains, capes, bays, and headlands have been named in honour of Belgian friends of the expedition. . . . The honour of bestowing some names fell to the lot of each officer. Two islands, which it was my privilege to name, are called Brooklyn and Van Wyck Islands.

The land to the east of Belgica Strait received the name of Terre de Danco, in memory of Lieutenant Danco, a member of the expedition who died in the desolate region further south. Of this land the author says:—

A continuous wall of ice, from fifty to one hundred feet high, fronts the coast everywhere. This land is from two thousand to four thousand feet high, with mountains further inland, perhaps six thousand feet in altitude. Every valley and every surface which is not perpendicular is buried by a sheet of never-melting ice.”

* “Through the First Antarctic Night.” By Frederick A. Cook, M.D. (Heinemann).

The explorers continued to fight their way south, overcoming incredible difficulties, and narrowly escaping from the danger of having their vessel crushed by the pack-ice, which at times closed in firmly round them, whilst at others it opened out in long canals, or leads. On February 19 the *Belgica* was in latitude 69 deg. 60 min., longitude 78 deg. 27 min. 30 sec.

Storm, fog, rain, sleet, and snow, are the normal conditions (says the author). One rarely gets a peep of the sun, and if by chance it would break through, it is seldom at noon or at any hour convenient for the captain to make his reckoning. If then it happens, as it has to-day, that we obtain the observations which fix our position accurately in this lonely world of desolation, a kind of boyish rejoicing runs along the line of men on the decks; and even in the cabins one hears comparisons. One says: “Now I am nine thousand, nine hundred and eighty-nine miles from home.” Another says: “Everything that I love is nine thousand miles over our starboard quarter. They are just entering upon the duties of the day.”

In February it was decided that the *Belgica* should return north and put off the further exploration until the following season. This resolution, however, it was found impossible to carry out, as a little later the vessel was firmly frozen in, and to go back to civilisation was impossible. “We were doomed to remain,” says the author, “and become the football of an unpromising fate. Henceforth we are to be kicked, pushed, squeezed, and ushered helplessly at the mercy of the pack.”

We must now pass on to the most terrible time that was endured during the whole thirteen months in which they drifted to and fro in the ice, namely, the seventy days of continued darkness.

The long night began at twelve o'clock on May 15; the monotony and the depression that followed almost beggars description. To add to the horrors of the situation, Lieutenant Danco, a general favourite on board, lay dying.

“A thing sadder by far than the fleeing sun,” writes Dr. Cook, “was the illness of our companion, Lieutenant Danco, which was emphasised to us now by his absence from all the groups, his malady confining him to the ship. We knew at this time that he would never again see a sunrise, and we felt that perhaps others might follow him. ‘Who will be here to greet the returning sun?’ was often asked.”

Ten days later they had lost all relish for the food, and were utterly tired of each other's company. “Physically, mentally, and perhaps morally,” says the author, “we are depressed, and from my past experience in the Arctic, I know that this depression will increase with the advance of night, and far into the increasing dawn of next summer.”

Physically we are steadily losing strength, though our weight remains nearly the same, with a slight increase in some. All seem puffy about the eyes and ankles, and the muscles, which were hard earlier, are now soft, though not reduced in size. We are pale and the skin is unusually oily. The hair grows rapidly, and the skin about the nails has a tendency to creep over them, seemingly to protect them from the cold.

The life-giving rays of the sun are absolutely essential to good health, and Dr. Cook found that the most noticeable effect of being deprived of these was in the action of the heart, which, during the long night, lost its regulating force, and became now quick, now slow; then strong and again feeble, but never normal. All in turn suffered from this, some, of course, worse than others.

The best substitute for this absence of the sun is the direct rays of heat from an open fire. From an ordinary coal or wood fire the effect is wonderful. I have stripped and placed men before the direct rays of heat, whose pulse was almost imperceptible, and in the course of less than an hour had a level action nearly normal.

Lieutenant Danco died on June 5, and two days later an aperture was cut in the ice and his body committed to the deep. On the 8th the Doctor writes:—

The melancholy death, and the incidents of the melancholy burial of Danco have brought over us a spell of despondency which we seem unable to shake off. I fear that this feeling will remain with us for some time, and we can ill afford to lose it.

On the occasion of Dr. Cook's birthday an attempt was made at a little joviality, but the experiment was a failure, and only attuated their feeling of depression. On June 16 the long night was half over, and the author writes more hopefully:—

No wind, a few cirrus and stratus clouds, the stars at zenith are visible. The Southern Cross over the mizenmast is arrayed in all its glory. I have only five minutes more to recede before it reaches the equinoctial. It will come back slowly and perceptibly with its life-giving rays. We are eastward, but there is no sign of movement in the ice—no cracks, no lakes.

Three days later he writes more despairingly than ever:—

A mid-winter and a mid-winter thaw, with the ice breaking and pressing the vessel, is the most dreadful thing that could happen to us now. Just this most despairing condition of ice and weather which is threatening these darkest days of midnight. The temperature and the wind for the last few days have suddenly risen. It is now blowing a gale from the west. The temperature is 2 deg., the ice is breaking and separating, leaving wide, endless leads northward and southward. Between the gloomy clouds northward there is a faint suggestion of brightness, but this only seems to increase our loneliness. It is dark! dark! Dark at noon, dark at midnight, dark every day, and thus we jog along day after day through the unbroken ice.

We are in a world unknown, but just at present we care little about our novel position or our future reward. The darkness grows daily a little deeper, and the night soaks hourly more colour from our blood. Our gait is careless, the step non-elastic, the hold uncertain. . . . Most of us in the cabin have grown decidedly thinner within two months, though few are over thirty. Our faces are drawn, and there is an absence of jest and cheer and hope in our make-up which, in itself, is one of the saddest incidents of our existence.

However, there is an end to most things, the long Antarctic night included, and on July 21 Captain Lecointe announced that, under favourable conditions, the sun would be seen the following day.

July 22. Every man on board has long since chosen a favourite elevated position to watch the coming sight. Some are in the crow's nest, others on the rigging; but these are the men who do little to the ship. The adventurous fellows are scattered over the pack upon icebergs and hummocks. These positions were taken at about eleven o'clock. The sky at this time was nearly clear and clothed with the usual haze. A lemon glow was just changing into an even glimmer of rose. At about eleven a few stratus clouds spread over the rose, and under these there were in colours, too complex for my powers of description. The clouds were violet, but they quickly caught the train of colours which were spread sky beyond. There were spaces of gold, orange, blue, green and a harmonious blends, with an occasional strip like a band of polished silver. The colours in bold relief. Precisely at twelve o'clock a fiery cloud appeared disclosing a bit of the upper rim of the sun.

For several minutes my companions did not speak. Indeed, we could not have found words with which to express the buoyant feeling of the moment and the emotion of the new life which was sent coursing through our arteries like the hammer-like beats of our enfeebled hearts.

A few minutes after twelve the light was extinguished, a smoky veil was drawn over the dim outline of the ice, and quickly the stars again twinkled in the goblin-blue of the sky as they had done, without being outshone, for seventeen hundred hours.

We must refer our readers to the volume itself for the further adventures of the *Belgica*, and for the description of how the explorers cut their way out of the ice, and of their return to civilisation. The general results of the expedition are ably dealt with in the appendices by the different scientists of the mission. Before closing this notice we should mention that the illustrations form an important feature of this fascinating work. They are, with few exceptions, from photographs, and are the first photographic reproductions of Antarctic life and scenes. The colour plates are particularly good, and give a good idea of the brilliant touches of colour which serve to relieve the awful monotony and glittering whiteness peculiar to the South Polar regions.”

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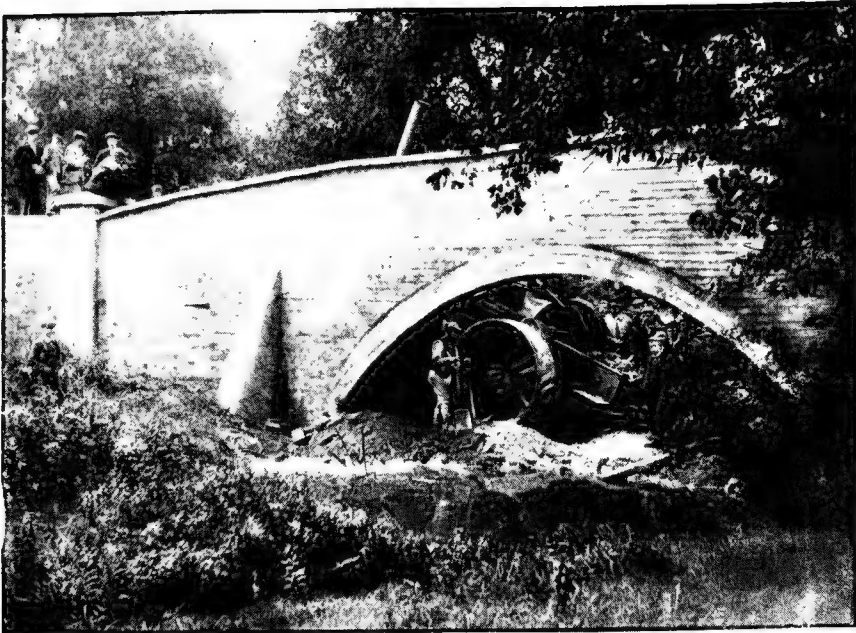
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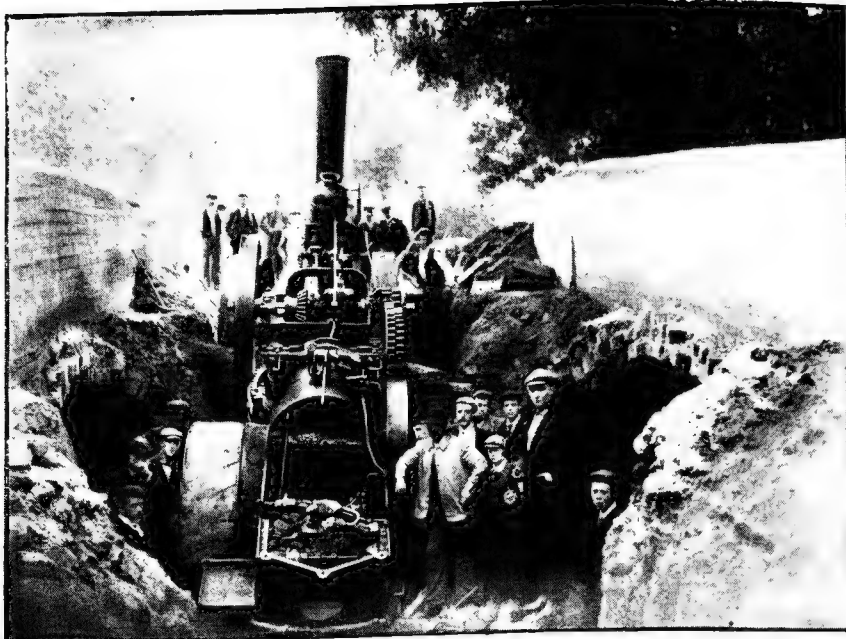
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THE DAMAGED BRIDGE

A bridge situated between Gaddesby and Barby, in Leicestershire, had just undergone a thorough repair, and the workmen had left only three days, when an accident happened. A steam cultivator engine was crossing the bridge, and had reached half-way across, when the arch collapsed, letting down the



VIEW FROM THE SIDE OF THE BRIDGE

coal-bunker and bringing down the van on to it. The two engine-men were injured, one of them seriously. Our photograph is by W. Murray, Leicester

A STEAM CULTIVATOR IN DISTRESS: AN ACCIDENT IN LEICESTERSHIRE

The Coming Musical Season

THE London Concert season will begin immediately after the Birmingham Festival, and already a large number of concerts and other entertainments have been arranged for. At Queen's Hall Mr. Wood's orchestra will give the usual Sunday afternoon Symphony Performances, commencing next week; while there will also be, from time to time, Wagnerian and other concerts by the same band. This year Dr. Richter's autumn concerts will be given at St. James's instead of at Queen's Hall, taking place between October 22 and November 5. Every Saturday evening at St. James's Hall there will, during the winter, be cheap Orchestral Concerts, similar to those which were organised by the late Mr. Heath Mills. Among the recital and other concert givers will be Herr Rosenthal, who announces his first and probably his only recital at St. James's Hall on November 9; and M. Paderewski, who, however, will not be here until March. Herr Reisenauer announces two recitals, Mr. Frederick Dawson and Mr. Henry Bird one each, Mr. Donald Tovey two, Miss Elzy, Herr Kupferschmidt, and several others one Recital each. The Curtius Concerts will be transferred from Princes Galleries to St. James's Hall. The St. James's Hall Ballad Concerts will commence on November 7, and Messrs. Boosey's

Ballad Concerts will be given on Saturday afternoons during the four winter months at Queen's Hall. The Saturday Popular Concerts will commence on November 3, but the Monday Popular Concerts will be reserved till Lent. At or about Easter Dr. Joachim—who, by the way, last week paid a flying visit to England to conduct the Hovingdon Musical Festival—will come to London, probably with the Joachim Quartet party, to give a series of special performances guaranteed by a subscription.

The Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts will this year be limited in number, and, as we have already announced, will be divided among the Wood, Richter, and Manns orchestras. Mr. Manns, it is satisfactory to learn, will direct two concerts with the Crystal Palace Orchestra; and at the first, on October 27, will be produced for the first time in London Mr. Edward Elgar's new Birmingham Festival Cantata, *The Dream of Gerontius*. This will, in fact, be the only novelty of the Crystal Palace season. The rest of the concerts will be devoted to familiar works, Russian music playing, of course, in Mr. Wood's programmes a more or less conspicuous part, while the final concert, to be given on November 17 by Dr. Richter and his orchestra, will be devoted exclusively to Wagner.

This arrangement, in regard to the Crystal Palace production of Mr. Elgar's Cantata, will obviate the necessity of performing *The Dream of Gerontius* at the Albert Hall; and the concert on

January 24 will, therefore, now be devoted to a repetition of Mr. Coleridge Taylor's *Song of Hiawatha*, which, with a much inferior cast, was given last spring. The principal vocalists will now be Madame Ella Russell, Messrs. Ben Davies and Andrew Black. *Elijah* will be performed in November, with Mr. Black as the Prophet; *Judas Maccabaeus* on December 6, *Messiah* on January 3, and on Good Friday Mr. Parker's *Hora Novissima* (which was a novelty at the Worcester Festival last year) and Beethoven's Choral Symphony on Ash Wednesday, *Israel in Egypt* on March 14, and Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night* and *Hymn of Praise* at the final concert on April 25.

The orchestral rehearsals for the Birmingham Festival have been in progress in London during the earlier part of this week. The Festival will be held next week, the principal novelties being Mr. Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius*, and a new bass song, "The Soldier's Tent," the words by the Queen of Roumania and the music by Sir Hubert Parry. Both were heard at rehearsal at Queen's Hall last Monday. Among the quasi-novelties will be the whole of Mr. Coleridge Taylor's *Hiawatha*, but with a stronger cast than at the Albert Hall last spring, and the greater part of a Mass by the old English composer, Byrd.

Madame Patti was announced on Tuesday to sing for the first time in opera at Stockholm, the birthplace of her present husband.

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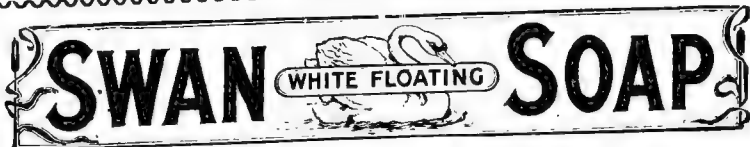


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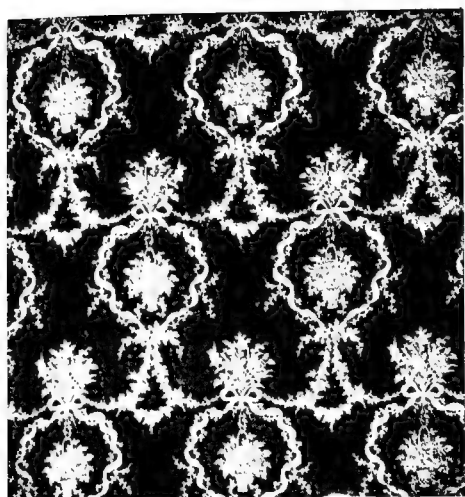
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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

SEPTEMBER has seldom been so auspicious as in the present year, when almost every condition which the agriculturist could want has been granted, and when such conditions have been at one with what townsmen desire. Interests are not always thus in agreement. The farmer, for example, welcomes a chill rain in February; he is fond of more moisture in June than observers of Whitsun holidays approve. And in December and January he has not a word to say against the snow, which in cities is an abomination. The rainfall has been much below the average, but the heavy dews have been remarkably refreshing to the land, as may be seen from the state of the pastures, the growth of mushrooms, and the development of rich, juicy fruit on the blackberry bushes. The heat has never been oppressive, and the nights, with a temperature ranging from 48 to 54 deg., have had just that welcome coolness without chilliness which is best for refreshing sleep. Fifty degrees at midnight, seventy at noon, and sixty at the hours of sunrise and sunset would make an ideal climate in which not only man but his chief animals would attain their highest health and power. Such a climate has not been far from us this September. In the North, late oats, almost despaired of, have ripened after all, and the bright sunshine has often amounted to nine hours in the day. The winds have been light, neither stagnation on the one hand or gales on the other.

SUPERABUNDANT FRUIT

The writer of this article has seen apples and plums rotting on the ground in early September in East Kent, and has gone West into Devon and Cornwall only to witness the same depressing

sight in the last few days. The farms were in neither region ill cultivated, but the fruit did not pay to send to market. The first supplies had paid, and selected fruit from special trees would pay also, but the produce of the ordinary trees, the "rank and file" of the orchard, were not quoted at the markets at such a price as to earn cost of labour plus cost of carriage plus commission to the middlemen. There have been farmers who have told us that they were themselves to blame for not keeping pigs, which would thrive on the fallen fruit, but even such a use, though better than absolute waste, seems to be a good deal below what we might expect. The State, in any form, from the dignified Board of Agriculture to the modest Parish Council, might well consider if these conditions cannot be dealt with, and the fat years of the orchard stored up in their yield against the inevitable lean seasons. Covent Garden is as malodorous in its economics as it is in its hygiene, and the farmer seems helpless. There is no justice in blaming him on that account, for the man who grows fruit below cost price is a philanthropist, not a farmer.

RURAL RAILWAY CHARGES

The total white population of South Africa is not a tithe of the number of persons who would be benefited by the most modest of measures dealing with the railway charges for transporting rural produce to the towns. Yet for every candidate who is asked what he will do for England there are twenty asked what they will do for South Africa. The spectacular in politics alone interests the democracy, whether urban or rural, and this is a cause of some of our most serious troubles. The cost of bringing rural produce to the metropolis from any English county should not by law be allowed to exceed the cost of bringing competitive produce from abroad. This axiom does not infringe the canons of free trade and free

competition. But at present the home produce is directly handicapped; even such perishable articles as butter and cream, eggs and fresh fruit, are shipped from France, Holland, and Denmark, and delivered at the London Docks for a less sum than they cost to come to a London railway station from no very remote counties. The railways have driven the coaches off the road, they have ruined or bought up the canals. It is for the Legislature to take care that monopoly is not abused to the national detriment.

HARVEST WAGES

In Lincolnshire 38s. per week has been the average harvest wage, as ascertained by an interested farmer of his brother farmers throughout the shire. The lowest wages were 30s., the highest 47s. 6d. for the week, but the hours of work, unfortunately, were not asked. The conditions, however, can be pretty fairly made out. It is to be taken for granted that the work is specially hard and the hours specially long, still the work is done and the crops are secured. The labourer's average earnings at other times are not exceeding 17. a week, he may be credited with living on that sum. Thus he should, at the conclusion of a nine weeks' harvest period, have, at 38s. per week, a balance of 87. 2s. in hand. This would pay his rent for a whole year, and form a guarantee against sickness. But, as we all know, the labourer who, on the kalends of October, has 87. saved is uncommonly like a black swan. Can he resist the temptation to prevent the waste of the harvest earnings on no economist help to prevent the waste of the harvest earnings on bad whisky, "blue ruin," and inferior beer? If only labourers would take a comfortable cottage rent free, and give in consideration two months' harvest work, the farmer would be happy and the cottage question on the road to solution. But the law is dead against payment in kind.



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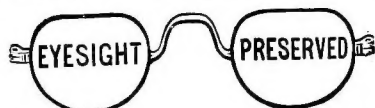
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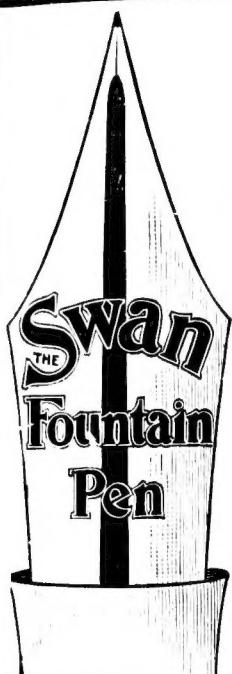
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